

# ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT:

BEING A

## DAILY ACCOUNT

OF A TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO WITH THE  
CANADIAN DELEGATION TO THE

### Sixteenth International C.E. Convention

(Including an Interesting Epitome of its Proceedings);

Also, of Side Trips to Los Angeles, South Pasadena Ostrich Farm,  
Mount Lowe Railway, Long Beach, the Yosemite Valley,  
Mount Tamalpais; and of the Return Journey via  
Victoria, New Westminster, the C.P.R., and the  
Two Great Lakes—Superior and Huron,  
From June 29 to August 10, 1897.

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WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## PREFACE.



U Till recently, there was no thought in the mind of the writer of offering to the public, in book form, this narrative of a trip which had been long looked forward to and so thoroughly enjoyed when taken; but whilst engaged writing and collecting the material during spare moments in the midst of many other duties, with the view of preserving a satisfactory private account, he was induced, by the very favourable comments and advice of several friends, to give it full publicity. When this decision had been come to, no time was lost in getting it through the Press. So far as the writer is aware, this is a new venture for a Christian Endeavourer, for no similar account has ever been published of the International C.E. Conventions that have so far been held. Of course, the excellent Official Report issued by the United Society has been yearly read by many Endeavourers, giving the addresses in full and graphic descriptions that usually make up a handsome book of nearly 300 pages. Last year's Official Report, however, devotes six pages only to a description of the journey to San Francisco, and the remainder of the book is taken up with the Convention proceedings. "Across the American Continent" compresses these proceedings into sixty-three pages, and the rest—over 100—have been given to a carefully-prepared account of the Outward and Return Journeys, and Side Trips while in California. Pains have been taken to make the narrative as complete as the space would permit. True, reports have been already given by the returned delegates at "Echo" meetings touching more or less upon these subjects; but they were all forced to be very brief, because of the limited time at their disposal. Seldom are International Convention delegates favoured with such magnificent sights as a trip from their several places to San Francisco affords;



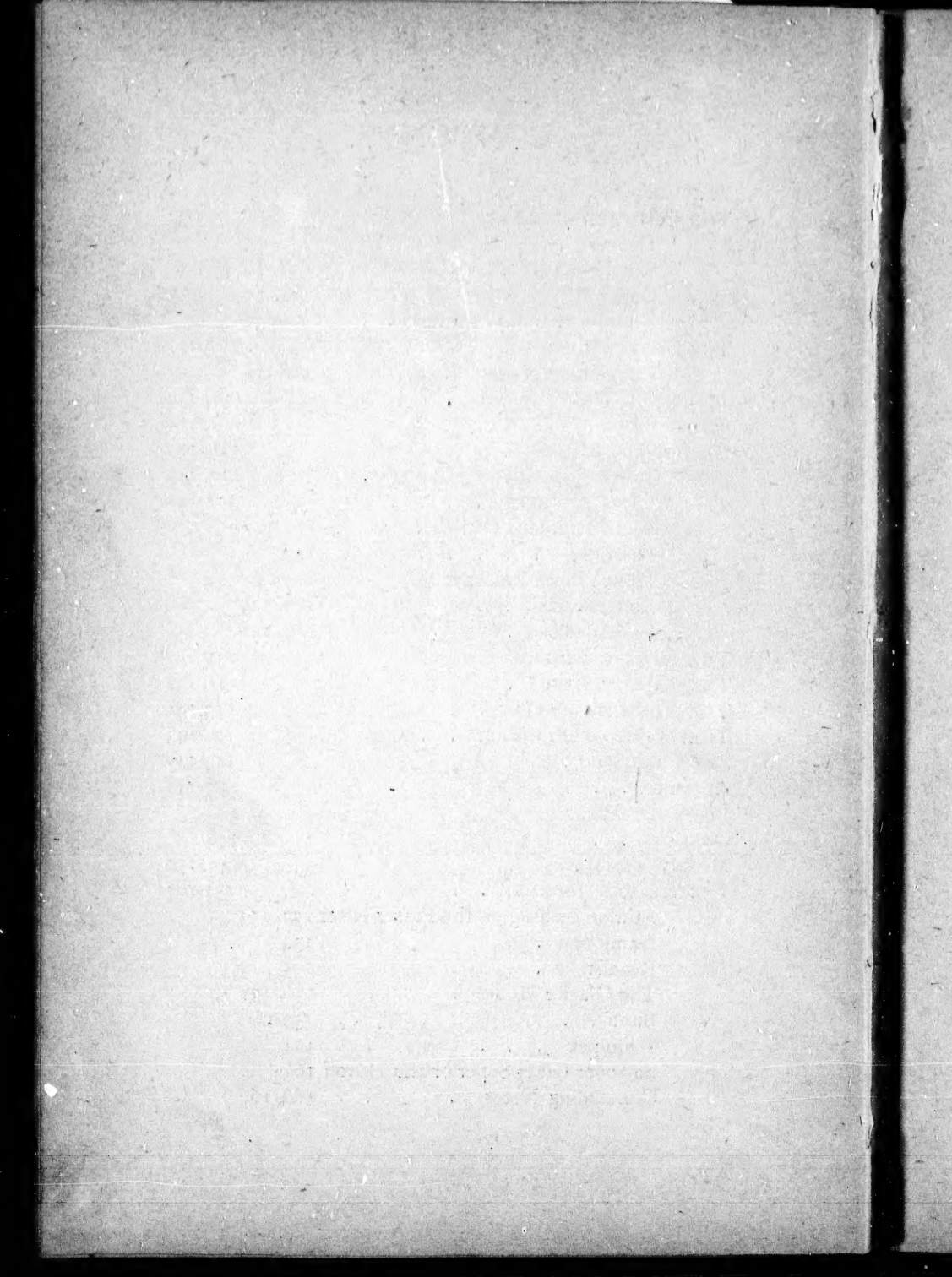
hence, a narration of these in this manner may be appreciated alike by those who took the trip and those who stayed at home. It is of the utmost importance, also, that the stirring addresses and gems of thought of the different Convention speakers should be preserved and spread as widely as possible, as one of the means, in God's hand, of arresting the careless, bracing up the disheartened, calling back the deserters from the Master's army, and strengthening the faithful. The writer has had the privilege of attending the past three great International C.E. Conventions; and he is strongly of the opinion that meetings like these do much in furthering the noble cause of righteousness, peace and goodwill toward men. They are among the brightest, most spiritually uplifting of all earthly gatherings, full of the fervency and enthusiasm of the godly youth of many lands. They are precious milestones bearing helpful hand-marks, pointing the road to Heaven. May this record of the important Convention held in San Francisco—important as it was in many respects—prove a real blessing to all who read it!

HUGH BRYCE.

334 GEORGE STREET,  
TORONTO, June, 1898.

# CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE . . . . .	iii., iv.
THE OUTWARD JOURNEY . . . . .	1-32
Denver . . . . .	5
Salt Lake City . . . . .	15, 16
Ogden . . . . .	22, 23
Additional Items of Interest . . . . .	30-32
THE CONVENTION . . . . .	33-111
Convention Notes . . . . .	106-111
"OAKLAND DAY" . . . . .	112, 113
CHINATOWN . . . . .	114, 115
GOLDEN GATE PARK . . . . .	116, 117
CLIFF HOUSE AND SUTRO HEIGHTS . . . . .	117, 118
TRIP TO LOS ANGELES . . . . .	118-131
South Pasadena Ostrich Farm . . . . .	119, 120
Pasadena . . . . .	120
Mount Lowe Railway . . . . .	121-123
Long Beach . . . . .	128, 129
Los Angeles . . . . .	129, 130
THE MOJAVE DESERT . . . . .	131
THE FAMOUS LOOP . . . . .	131, 132
THE YOSEMITE VALLEY . . . . .	133-141
THE MARIPOSA BIG TREES . . . . .	141-143
SAN FRANCISCO . . . . .	144-146
ALAMEDA . . . . .	147, 148
PIEDMONT HILL . . . . .	148
OAKLAND . . . . .	148
MOUNT TAMALPAIS . . . . .	149, 150
THE RETURN JOURNEY . . . . .	151-167
Salmon Fishing on the Fraser River . . . . .	152, 153
Kamloops . . . . .	154
Revelstoke . . . . .	155
The Glacier House . . . . .	156, 157
Banff . . . . .	159-161
Winnipeg . . . . .	164
Sail over Lakes Superior and Huron . . . . .	166
Concluding Notes . . . . .	166, 167



## THE OUTWARD JOURNEY.

JUNE 29, 1897.



THREE cars filled with New Hampshire delegates, and the Canadian delegation, under Mr. C. J. Atkinson's oversight, left the Union Station, Toronto, in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, about 8 o'clock that Tuesday morning. The Canadian delegation travelled in a special Pullman car bearing the peculiar name "Ianmee," which carried them all the journey without requiring to change. The Canadians in this car numbered fifty-two, namely:—Misses Annie and Hattie Graham, Kate Smith, Maggie Anderson, C. L. Frost, and Mrs. Maitland, Smith's Falls, Ont.; Mrs. William Ogilvie, North Georgetown, Que.; Miss M. Kee, Ormstown, Que.; Misses J. McLean and K. Shannon, Huntingdon, Que.; Miss C. Nolan, 2293 St. Catherine Street, and Mr. G. W. Jones, 117 St. Famille Street, Montreal, Que.; Mr. J. D. Crowe, Port au Peque, N.S.; Misses Cathcart and Tomlinson, Mrs., Miss H. and Miss Mark, 385 Carlton Street, Dr. and Mr. Martin, jun., Carlton Street, Mr. C. J. Atkinson, Mr. C. H. Cowen, corner of Parliament and Carlton Streets, Mrs. and Miss Hossack, 302 Crawford Street, Miss Meldrum, 75 University Street, Miss Lavell, 64 Isabella Street, Mr. C. P. Brown, 62 Gloucester Street, and Mr. H. Bryce—all of Toronto; Miss Bessie Scott, 354 Maria Street, and friend, Miss Kate Moffatt, and Mr. S. Lawson, Ottawa, Ont.; Misses Jessie E. Mair and Lucy Anderson, Napanee, Ont.; Mrs. R. B. Hope and Miss Hope, Newburgh, Ont.; Mrs. Byers and Miss Edith McCammon, Gananoque, Ont.; Rev. J. S. Conning and Miss Patterson, Caledonia, Ont.; Rev. Percy Fletcher, Oshawa, Ont.; Rev. James Cormack, Maxwell, Ont.; Rev. John Chisholm and Mr. J. W. LaFraugh, Dunbarton, Ont.; Rev. D. Earl,



Oxford Mills, Ont.; Mr. Findlay, Pembroke, Ont.; Mr. J. W. Bethune, Stayner, Ont.; Miss Gardiner, Belleville, Ont.; Miss Trull, Orono, Ont.; Miss M. Goodfellow, Mills Roches, Ont.; Miss Fraser, Shakespeare, Ont.; and Miss Nellie Forman, Stratford, Ont. The two young ladies last-mentioned joined the party at London. Summarized this gives 6 from Smith's Falls; 6 from the Province of Quebec, including 2 from Montreal; 15 from Toronto; 2 from Nova Scotia; and 24 from different parts of the Province of Ontario.

In the course of the long journey we passed over the lines of six distinct railroads and through eight States in the neighbouring Republic. The first day was spent speeding alongside the beautiful farming lands of Western Ontario and over the level, extensively-cultivated lower peninsula of the State of Michigan. Rain continued to fall at intervals; but, notwithstanding this, the heat was felt by all to be oppressive, for the car was crowded with passengers and baggage, the latter filling up every nook and corner to such an extent as even to encroach upon the space in the centre, and, in addition, a heap of valises not immediately wanted lay in a corner beside the platform-door. Seeing how crowded we were with baggage, the passengers desired to have that heap outside checked at Chicago; but the officials there refused to do this. The farther west we went the cooler and better the weather became till it reached the acme of perfection in the glorious climate of California.

When we had got fairly on our way, our excursion manager had everyone arranged by his or her berth, those seated together introduced, and all wrote their names, the churches to which they belonged and the cities from which they came on small cards given them, which they wore conspicuously for a day or so. The lower berths were all reserved for the ladies. My companions were two agreeable young lady teachers from Toronto and an elderly gentleman from Montreal. We arrived at Chicago several hours

behind time, between 2 and 3 o'clock next morning, while nearly all were sound asleep; so we saw nothing of that important city. We were here transferred to the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, known as "The Burlington Route."

## JUNE 30.

I did not see anything of the State of Illinois, for by the time I arose the train had reached Burlington, at the commencement of the State of Iowa, where we crossed "The Father of Waters"—the Mississippi River. After breakfast, a short prayer-meeting was led by the Rev. Mr. Conning, of Caledonia, the editor of the *Endeavour Herald*, as the train sped on its way. The scenery was flat, and for the most part consisted of rolling prairies, with plots of cultivated land here and there. At first the Canadian party lost no opportunity of singing the National Anthem and waving small British flags, good-humouredly, when any gathering of Americans was in sight. Indeed, this loyal feeling was exhibited so frequently that the Rev. Mr. Conning, who afterwards delivered a most patriotic address at the Convention, had to request the Canadians *not* to sing "God Save the Queen" when the New Hampshire delegation and they had an interchange of friendly visits and seasons of enjoyable hymn-singing together. Continuing our way through Ottumwa, Creston, Pacific Junction and Ashland, Lincoln, the capital of the State of Nebraska, was reached shortly after 6 p.m.

The Rev. Mr. Patterson and wife, of Toronto, and Mr. Caswell (the city solicitor) and wife, had their berths in another car on the train; but Mr. Patterson, at this juncture, came into our car and presided over a secular concert, which lasted about half-an hour while the train waited at the crowded station. A couple of humorous readings and several instrumental and vocal pieces were rendered in a creditable manner; but some of the party afterwards considered that it would have been more

appropriate to sing sacred pieces when going through a district where many of the inhabitants were said to be irreligious. One of our party stated that, in one place with 7,000 people, he had reason to believe only about 400 were church-goers.

#### JULY 1.

"My head is aching like to beat the band!" was the amusing exclamation that greeted my ears on awakening. The train had stopped at McCook when I arose. It remained at this station over two hours because of a collision between two freight trains at Yuma, thirteen small stations ahead. Between 9 and 10 o'clock in the forenoon, an impressive service was held, during which Psalm XC. was read and several inspiring hymns were sung. By this time the sad news of the collisions on other Endeavour trains, near Chicago, had reached us; and those seriously injured, as well as the friends of those killed, were remembered in prayer. Later on, as we passed the shattered engine and cars, and slaughtered horses and cattle, at Yuma, we had impressed upon us the great need of thankfulness for the Divine care that had preserved us from accident. Much interest was manifested as the census of the party was taken. The ladies numbered 35; the gentlemen, 17—two ladies to every gentleman, and one to spare! There were 37 Christian Endeavourers, and 15 who were not connected with the organization. Denominationally, there were 25 Presbyterians, 15 Methodists, 7 Church of England representatives, 2 Congregationalists, 1 Baptist, 1 Christian, and 1 Roman Catholic. Politically, the result was:—Liberals, 34; Conservatives, 14; Independents, 4. Eighteen professions and trades were represented, the school-teachers being the most numerous, 15, all of whom were ladies. A doctor, two druggists and a trained nurse looked after the health of their fellow-passengers; whilst five ministers, of three different denominations, attended to their spiritual welfare.

The wide prairies of Iowa and Nebraska were a novelty

to most of us ; and the scattered villages, the lonely huts, the system of irrigation where cultivation was attempted, the cow-boys and the prairie-dogs attracted our keenest attention—the prairie-dogs especially, lively creatures, sitting at rest in front of their habitations, but disappearing as if by magic on the slightest alarm. A stay of half-an-hour was made at Eckley, where lunches were in such demand at a refreshment-booth near by that the coffee ran short. A cow-boy on horseback tried to keep up with our train on leaving this station ; but he gave up the attempt after a spirited run of a mile or so. By 6 o'clock p.m. we arrived at Denver, where we registered at our headquarters in the Congregational Church, and received a cordial welcome from the local Endeavourers there. Desks and writing materials were at hand, and other conveniences. Many took advantage of the brief stay here to write home to friends. Afterwards, a street-car ride for an hour took us over the western part of the city, where we saw many handsome residences ; also, a beautiful sunset over the Rocky Mountains in the not far distant horizon.

Denver—the capital of Colorado and the Queen City—has a population of 160,000. It is between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above sea-level, and is the metropolis for the country west of the Missouri River. In it are the homes of scores of millionaires, mining men, stockmen and manufacturers ; immense smelting and manufacturing industries ; grand public buildings, parks, boulevards, etc. It is a healthy, well-laid-out, clean city. From the appearance of the stores, I would judge that there are a goodly proportion of Germans amongst its inhabitants. There were far too many saloons seen during our ride to my liking, and the bottles of strong liquor were very tastefully and temptingly arranged in the windows of many drug and wholesale stores. It was pleasing to see the large and plain figures used in numbering the houses ; Toronto needs to copy Denver in this respect. Our street-car was illuminated by colored lights.



On returning to the station we had our first conception of the hosts of Endeavourers and friends who, like ourselves, were travelling westward to the Convention. All the seats in the waiting-rooms were filled, and hundreds were congregated around the many tracks waiting on their trains to start. It was a bright and animated scene. Christian Endeavour hymns were sung most heartily for an hour or so ; but the waiting grew to be very wearisome, for we were kept standing or moving about for nearly four hours. Two of the ladies fainted—one in our party and one with the New Hampshire delegation. A change was made here to the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, known as "The Scenic Route." It was midnight before we got into our berths, thoroughly exhausted by the long stand.

#### JULY 2.

A few got up very early to see Pike's Peak. All the Canadians were disappointed to find the train moving when they awoke, and to learn that they had missed the opportunity of seeing "The Garden of the Gods." It was explained that the majority of the passengers in the train of seven cars were in favour of "no stoppage" at Colorado Springs in order to make up lost time ; but the managers of the Illinois and New Hampshire delegations came to this decision without consulting our manager, and we were accordingly displeased at their conduct.

Snow-clad Pike's Peak was still visible in the distance when I arose ; we were then between Pueblo and Labran. The scenery was rugged and varied. We were entering the mountainous district, and gliding alongside a yellow-coloured creek. Small thriving villages were now occasionally passed. At Labran a sash-door factory, an oil factory and lumber works were noticed, besides other industries. The prosperous mining town of Cripple Creek, with its 20,000 inhabitants, is in this vicinity. Oil wells in abundance were seen on either side, and several refineries on our way to

Canon City, at the mouth of the Grand Canon of the Arkansas. There is a State Penitentiary here. From this point to Salida, fifty-five miles distant, the scenery was



ROYAL GORGE.

extremely grand and awe-inspiring. On entering the Grand Canon of the Arkansas, eight miles long, in the middle of which lies the famous Royal Gorge, the grandeur of the scenery came upon us suddenly and at once riveted the

attention of all, kodaks being hastily produced to take snap shots at the most picturesque spots, the prettiest of which was at the suspended bridge in the Royal Gorge. The railway line runs through this almost impassable gorge, where the rushing, yellow-coloured waters of the Arkansas River battle for room with the precipitous granite mountains, 2,600 feet high, by which it is closed in on either side. This gorge gradually opens up into a pleasant, peaceful valley, from which, as we approached Salida, a prosperous town begirt with mountains, fine pictures of the Sangre de Cristo range of peaks were got on the one side, and on the other of the three towering peaks known as Harvard,



MARSHALL'S PASS.

Princeton and Yale, rising to an altitude of 14,000 feet.

At Salida our party separated, eight of the Canadians remaining in the Pullman car and proceeding to Grand Junction by way of Leadville and Glenwood Springs, while all the others (myself included) chose to go to Grand Junction *via* Marshall's Pass and the Black Canon of the Gunnison. We took a train on the Narrow Gauge Line. In the car with us was a miner on his way to establish a claim in this rich mining district. This was a ride of 209 miles through delightful scenery. As the summit of Marshall's Pass has an altitude of 10,856 feet above sea-level, this was

the highest point we reached on our long journey. The Pass is a scenic and scientific wonder ; grades of 211 feet to the mile are frequent, and the ascent and descent are made by a series of most remarkable curves. The streams from the summit flow eastward into the Atlantic and westward into the Pacific. At the apex the train ran through a long tunnel of snowsheds, at the end of which we stopped for a short time to engage in a snow battle and to ascend a tower, where an American and a Canadian, to the amusement of the onlookers, strove with each other as to which could hold his national flag at the greatest height. Sacred hymns were sung. Here we had magnificent views of Mount Ouray and Mount Shavano, both extinct volcanoes and rising to an altitude of over 14,000 feet ; while 100 miles away across the wide expanse of plain the snowy ridge of Sangre de Cristo was clearly seen. As the train descended to Gunnison, four tracks like a succession of terraces were seen, as the result of the road's zigzag course, winding round sixty-five miles to travel thirteen. We partook of an excellent dinner at Gunnison, at a charge of 75c. each. This is an enterprising place of 3,000 people in the heart of the gold, silver, lead, copper and coal country, and a splendid location for fishing. There are a large number of coloured people here. After leaving Gunnison, the train stopped thrice in order that mountain cattle might be chased off the track. Twenty-five miles from Gunnison, we entered the Black Canon, the prettiest sight of the outward journey. It is sixteen miles in length, and abounds in many striking features. Along many miles of this grand gorge the railway lies upon a shelf hewn from the rock, which rises frequently to an altitude of over 2,000 feet. At certain points the walls, which are more perpendicular than those seen in the Royal Gorge, draw so near together that the light of day is almost entirely excluded, but at other places where the sun is admitted they sparkle with dazzling lustre, caused by reflections from the mica of



which they are largely composed. We saw a beautiful waterfall, called The Chipeta Falls, descending in a sheet of snowy spray to the pure Gunnison River 300 feet below, and the Currecanti Needle, which towers upward like a great cathedral spire a distance of 1,600 feet from the river. After passing Montrose, a fine view of the Uncompahgre Mountains was



CURRECANTI NEEDLE, BLACK CANON.

had. Uncompahgre Peak, the monarch of the range, rises to an altitude of 14,419 feet. Rich farming land was afterwards seen before reaching the Lower Gunnison Canon, which also abounds in striking and beautiful scenery. It was about midnight, mountain time, when we arrived at Grand

Junction, where we had a wearisome wait of four hours before the train with the other party came into the station, that we might get into our own berths. These four hours were spent by the Canadians in one car in telling ghost stories; in the car in which I sat hymns were sung for a time, and then discussions took place on theological points, political economy, etc. This was a most delightful day's journey. At Grand Junction we changed to the Rio Grande Western Railroad.

### JULY 3.

When I got out of berth, the train was passing over miles and miles of sandy desert; the only semblance of green was an occasional patch of dwarfish and brownish sagebrush. It gave one a good idea of an Egyptian desert. Green River is an oasis of verdure and bloom in this wide-spreading desert. It is a striking example of what water can produce from desert land. "Grassy" seems to take its name from the fact that there is not a blade of grass within a mile of it. At Cedar the whole desert, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted with Spanish cedar or mountain mahogany. Strips of green fertility, walled in by desert, now began to appear. Wherever water touched the soil there were trees, rich harvest fields, meadows of alfalfa, grass, fruit and flowers. Sunnyside is a narrow oasis. The desert between Price and Green River is being steadily but surely reclaimed by the introduction of irrigation ditches and the persistent determination of the sturdy Utah ranchmen. Guarding the entrance to Price River Canon, through which the railway runs into the very heart of the mountains, stands Castle Gate, two pillars of stone which rise to the height of 500 feet and are just wide enough apart for the train to pass between. For nine miles the train passed through the glorious canon of Price River till it reached Kyune, where there are extensive blue sandstone quarries. Other six miles brought us to Pleasant Valley

Junction. Here many in our party went out to visit an old bachelor, who was living alone in a mud-hut near the railway line. The hut in size was about 10 by 15 feet. As some of the young ladies put it: "It was well furnished—for a man!" He gave all a kindly welcome. It appeared somewhat strange to us that a bachelor should be thus found in the very heart of the Mormon territory. During our stay at this station, several cowboys (one of whom was an Indian) caused considerable excitement by an exhibition of horse-play—being either drunk or feigning to be so, quarrelling with each other, and firing their revolvers several times. Not long after this we passed over the summit of the Wasatch Divide, called "Soldier Summit," because a soldier of Albert Sydney Johnston's army, in the "Mormon War," died and was buried here, nearly 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. Then a beautiful canon was entered, through which the Spanish Fork Creek makes its way into Utah Lake. The Red Narrows, so called from the colour of the rocks, were next passed. Emerging from the Spanish Fork Canon, the lovely Utah valley lay before us, with its large, clear lake. The scene from this point was entrancing. Eastward lay the Wasatch Mountains, to the west the Oquirrh Range, to the north low hills and mesas, to the south the east and west ranges approached each other, while Mount Nebo, highest of the Utah peaks, rose majestically above all surroundings. After the valley of the Utah Lake was passed, a small river of yellow water was seen meandering through the sagebrush and volcanic scoria. This was the Jordan River, so called because it connects the Utah with the Great Salt Lake, as its namesake does Galilee and the Dead Sea. The train crossed the Jordan River twice before arriving at Salt Lake City about 6 o'clock that Saturday evening. When sixteen miles from the city we were met by a special committee of fifteen young men and women, who gave us all necessary information.

We stayed in Salt Lake City till noon on Monday. During our stay, between 10,000 and 11,000 visitors, westward bound, arrived ; about 6,000 of them on Saturday in a little over 100 sleeping cars, which were all side-tracked. This temporary city on wheels was a unique spectacle. Many of the occupants of the berths had a rare experience, on returning at night from sight-seeing or attending meetings, in searching for their quarters, as this frequently meant stumbling in the dark over several lines of rails and in and out among the different cars before finding the particular car in which they had come. By Sunday night, when the station presented an enlivening scene, there were over 200 sleeping cars side-tracked in the railway yards, with an average of fifty people to each car. The cars, as a rule, were crowded.

Shortly after arrival the Canadians went in a body by train to Saltair Beach, which is said to be the largest and most beautiful bathing establishment in the world. The Pavilion is located at the Great Salt Lake, eleven miles from the city, and is in the form of a crescent, having a great central structure of Moorish architecture devoted to pleasure-seekers. There is a dancing floor, capable of accommodating 600 couples ; also two long promenades, a long line of bathing houses, a billiard-room, shooting gallery and boats for hire. The tinting of the water on the lake was extremely beautiful. Near the shore it was an exquisite green ; farther out, this changed into a dazzling blue ; and this gradually changed into a royal purple, which darkened and lightened at every movement of the clouds overhead. The water gleamed and glistened like a mighty mirror in the sunshine. Whilst we were there, a glorious sunset took place. The lake is nearly eighty miles long by fifty broad, with an average depth of eight feet, and it contains four times more salt than that of ocean water. The heavy, deadening smell of the superabundance of salt in this district was felt by me to be unpleasant.



Though the night was cool, several in our party went in to bathe; but they did not grow enthusiastic when telling their experience, some of them having accidentally been forced to swallow more salt than was agreeable to their taste. The human body will not and cannot sink in this lake. It is impossible to swim in it; all that is necessary is to lie down and float, which can be done successfully on a first trial. There is not a fish or any other living thing in its beautiful and mysterious waters. It is dotted with picturesque mountainous islands, and the surrounding scenery is delightfully varied by towering peaks, the great salt desert, fields of grain, irrigating ditches, prosperous farm-houses, and away in the distance the domes and towers of Salt Lake City were seen nestling at the feet of the mountains which ward off the rigours of winter.

"Lake of mystery and wonder,  
Lake of silence so sublime,  
In thy depths we look and ponder  
On the strangest gift of Time."

One newspaper in Salt Lake City facetiously hoped that the Endeavourers would be able to say to their friends in the East on their return that they were able to pass through the State of Utah without being either "robbed or married." Well, that was a timely caution, if the Endeavourers had only taken it seriously to heart. All the Endeavourers could not, unfortunately, say that they had not been "robbed," at least. One of our party—Dr. Martin, of Toronto—had his pocket-book, containing \$44 in American money, a Canadian bill, and his railway ticket to San Francisco, stolen from him in the crowd at Saltair Beach whilst we were on the point of returning to the city. Moreover, from newspaper reports it was ascertained that the pocket-books of fifteen persons, containing altogether nearly \$8,000 in cash and bank cheques, besides valuable documents and many railway tickets to San Francisco, were stolen by adroit pickpockets. In or near the Tabernacle at the

Intermountain Rally on Sunday afternoon, in less than ten minutes, with twenty policemen standing near by, over \$900 in cash and bank cheques were taken from visiting Endeavourers by a gang of thieves.

Salt Lake City is the sublime result of Mormon persecution, having been founded by that alien sect in July, 1847. A glamour of romance will ever linger about the story of their flight across the winter-swept plains of Iowa and the icy prairies of Nebraska to the desert lands of Utah. In this valley of desolation, as it then appeared, Brigham Young founded a city and re-established a hierarchy which has persisted and prospered to a degree that has astonished the world. By industry as remarkable as it was directed, the desert was converted into an oasis, and the bare earth, with its poverty of sand and sagebrush, was rendered prolific with nearly everything that fertile soil can produce. The town thus established under harsh conditions has grown into one of the most prosperous and beautifully-situated cities in the United States. Its present population is 65,000, and it is growing every day. The climate is genial—the average summer temperature being 72 degrees, while that of the winter is 32 degrees—and the air it has comes pure from the mountains. The streets are 132 feet wide, crossing each other at right angles, an eighth of a mile apart, each square thus formed containing ten acres. They are well lined with shade trees, while streams of running water course down each side of every street, being brought from the neighbouring mountains, furnishing a pure water-supply and irrigating the gardens. From a Salt Lake newspaper I observed a Mormon writer claimed that Brigham Young, without example to guide him, made the first American system of irrigation. Half a million of acres in Utah are to day under irrigation, and this is all owing to the counsel of Brigham Young. Every house is surrounded by green lawns, gardens and orchards. The city is not an imposing one. The wide streets, large grounds around

each dwelling, and low, small houses, give it more the appearance of an overgrown village than that of a city. The chief business thoroughfares are Main and Temple Streets. The former is entirely devoted to trade, while church edifices are found in the latter. The great structures of the Mormon Church—the Temple and Tabernacle—are on Temple Street, as well as the quaint residences of Brigham Young. Salt Lake City is the great centre of the entire Intermountain domain. The Mormons have been unpleasantly peculiar in their advocacy and practice of polygamy (which practice, they say, has now been discontinued), and during their early sojourn here in their defiance of the United States Government. But they have set patterns in industry and in a system of government which seems to consider the well-being of all, both of which might be imitated to advantage by the "Gentiles." On every suitable occasion the Mormons were eagerly disposed to give information regarding their Church, and the Endeavourers were always found to be attentive listeners. Many of them were seen taking notes.

#### JULY 4.

As regards weather, the Sunday spent in Salt Lake City was a perfect day. There was a Junior Endeavour Rally held at 9.30 a.m. in the First Congregational Church. About 300 Junior Endeavourers were present, the greater part of whom were from the Utah Union. The leader of the meeting referred to the eighteen societies that constituted the Salt Lake Union as "a handful of corn upon the top of the mountain." Mrs. Francis E. Clark spoke of her recent travels in foreign lands, and told of the juniors of various races and countries whom she had met. "The boys and girls of heathen lands want us to help them," she said. "There are four things which the Juniors can do to assist them:—1. Learn about them; 2. Give for missionary work amongst them; 3. Pray for them; 4. Talk about them, so

that others may learn about their needs and become interested in helping them." Mrs. Scudder spoke of the girls and boys as like the acorn—possessed of great possibilities. Calling attention to the fact that they were meeting upon the great national holiday, July 4th, she said it was a good day on which to tell what they would like to be. One would like to be rich, another to be handsome, another to have an education; but the best thing any boy or girl could be was to grow up an earnest Christian. Purity of life—purity of mind and soul—must be maintained, and God will look after the rest. The habit of prayer should be enjoined upon every young person—the habit of keeping in close and



THE TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

constant communion with the Almighty Father of us all, and of seeking aid and consolation from Him at all junctures and crises of life. A good sermon was preached by one of the visiting clergymen on "The Spiritual Kingdom"—text, Matt. 21: 42, 43—at the forenoon service in this church, which was well filled, many of the visitors, like myself, being among the audience.

During the afternoon, I visited the Temple Block, where stands the magnificent Mormon Temple, the Tabernacle and the Assembly Hall. The Temple is, with the exception

of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, the grandest and most costly ecclesiastical structure in the United States. It cost \$6,000,000, and forty-one years were spent in its construction, the building being finished in 1894. It is built wholly of snow-white granite from the Cottonwood Canon, and the walls are ten feet thick. Within its walls are performed the mystic rites that admit to the Mormon Church. No "Gentile" is permitted to pass inside its gate. I was told by a Mormon, when looking at it, that one "Gentile" did go through the gateway several years ago, but he fell dead near the entrance. Of course I had my doubt as to the truth of this story: The Temple can be seen for fifty miles up and down the valley. The Tabernacle is an enormous oval building, with an immense dome-like roof, supported by forty-six sandstone pillars. It will seat between 12,000 and 13,000 people, and is used for the services of the Church, lectures and public gatherings. Its acoustic properties are so marvellously perfect that a whisper or the dropping of a pin can be heard all over it. It contains one of the largest organs in the world, built of native woods by Mormon workmen and artists at a cost of \$100,000. The choir consists of from 200 to 500 trained voices, and the music is said to be very grand. All the seats are free. Assembly Hall is of white granite, and has seats for 2,500. I also saw the Lion and Beehive Houses, and the Amelia Palace. This palace was built by Brigham Young for his nineteenth wife, a cousin of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, wife of the late President of the United States. An outside guard was stationed at Lion House, where three of Brigham Young's wives were then living, to keep the hosts of visitors out who desired to see the house in which that great leader of the Mormons died. But there seemed to be a division in the household regarding this arrangement, for one of the wives, Mrs. Margaret Pierce Young, aged seventy-four years, seated herself in a chair on the sidewalk after the Intermountain Rally in the Tabernacle, shook hands with the



visitors who crowded around her, and, at their request, cheerfully engaged herself for hours writing her autograph on the visitors' cards. The crowd was so great when I reached the spot that it took me about ten minutes to get a glimpse of her face. Thinking she was in danger of being smothered by the visitors, I did not wait to secure her autograph.

Over 12,000 people crowded the Tabernacle that afternoon to listen to the programme of the Intermountain Rally. None of those who attended can soon forget the stirring hymns and inspiring addresses. Two Mormon dignitaries were present, as well as many other members of the Mormon Church. I sat near a young man named Jackson, now a resident of Salt Lake City, who is a Canadian and used to serve in the drug store at the corner of Church and Queen Streets, Toronto. This was the first occasion upon which the Tabernacle had been used for a non-Mormon religious service, and the magnificent cathedral was beautifully decorated by Mormon hands and with Mormon money. On the gilded pipes of the immense organ the C.E. monogram was shown. Potted plants in full bloom covered the long table in front of the speakers' stand. And their young people were found on the Reception Committee. The Mormons evidently desired to stand well with the churches. Their kindliness elicited warm thanks from the visitors. Only one visitor, so far as learned, referred to local conditions by way of condemnation. Rev. Cortland Myers, of Brooklyn, preaching in the First Baptist Church, in discussing Utah, said that eventually Mormonism would be swept from the land. Being Independence Day, the theme of the addresses, "Christian Citizenship," was a very suitable one. After a brief, hearty welcome from the President of the Salt Lake C.E. Union, an impassioned address was delivered by Bishop Arnott, an old coloured clergyman from Wilberforce, Ohio, who spoke in the absence of the Rev. Wm. Patterson, of Toronto, who was expected to speak,

but did not stop over at Salt Lake City. Bishop Arnott's reference to Queen Victoria as "the greatest queen who ever sat upon a Christian throne" was warmly applauded. Rev. George J. Pentecost, of Yonkers, New York, said in part:—"If this country depends upon a love that is not inspired by a love and loyalty to God, the days of this Republic are numbered. I agree with Bishop Arnott with reference to his utterances about the Queen under whose Government I have worked and preached for ten years. While I agree with respect to that noble woman and her free Government, I thank God we have no queens or kings, but that we are our own sovereigns, and that in Christian patriotism lies the safety of the multitude. . . . We, as Christian young men and women, cannot stop at the consideration of loyalty to this great country. We think of another kingdom, whose principles are embodied in this great charter (the Bible), created by the Lord Jesus Christ and promulgated by every citizen of that greater country." Speaking of patriotism as the principle which sought to make others partakers of the blessings which we ourselves enjoyed, he said:—"The command of Christ may be interpreted in three ways: '*Go!*'—you go, everyone go. If you are not able to go, then '*Let go!*'—let your brother, your sister, your friend go. If you are not able to do this, then '*Help go!*'—give of your means that others may be sent to do your work." It was a cheering sight to see the vast audience rise to greet President Clark with the Chautauqua salute after his long voyage around the world. Someone in the gallery began the doxology—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and that familiar hymn of praise was caught up at once and sung heartily by all. President Clark called attention to four bulwarks of patriotism for which Christian Endeavour stands:—1. *Civic righteousness*. The crusade begun four years ago at Montreal has swept across the nation. It has spread from State to State, a bonfire of good citizenship blazing forth cheer and hope for the

future. 2. *The Christian Sabbath.* He hoped that no Endeavourer would disgrace the badge by visiting Saltair or Garfield Beach that day. 3. *Evangelical faith* ; whether we are the spiritual descendants of those who landed at Plymouth Rock, or of the Scottish Covenanters, or of Roger Williams, or of John Wesley. 4. *Spiritual life.* Christian Endeavour is a protest against Materialism. The fundamental idea of the society is that we should walk with God and practice His precepts.

At 6 p.m. I attended a rousing meeting of the C.E. Society connected with the First Presbyterian Church, presided over by the manager of the Tennessee party ; this church was their headquarters. The meeting-place was filled, and the time was well taken up by delegates from different States ; I also took part. The church is small, like all other "Gentile" churches here ; but it must be remembered that the "Gentiles" have only gained a footing in Salt Lake City within the past seven or eight years. At the evening service in the First Baptist Church I listened to an address by a Philadelphia minister.

#### JULY 5.

Before leaving Salt Lake City, I visited Fort Douglas to witness a grand review of the 24th U.S. Infantry, coloured. Whilst there, I fell in with a man from Toronto and another whose parents were Canadian and formerly lived in a small place near Montreal. Fort Douglas stands on an eminence about two miles to the south of the city, and commands an unobstructed view of the entire valley. After seeing part of the review, I left in plenty of time to catch the train at 12 o'clock ; but, owing to the immense crowd going and returning on the street-cars, progress was extremely slow, and I reached the station just in the nick of time. My berth companion, the elderly gentleman from Montreal, was left behind on account of the slowness of the cars returning from Fort Douglas ; but he joined us

again at Ogden, having been allowed to travel by a regular train.

Our train waited three hours at Ogden to allow the delegates to take a free three-mile drive, at the kind invitation of the local Endeavourers, through the city to a beautiful artificial waterfall in Ogden Canon, 400 feet high, called "The Bridal Veil of Utah." We were all very thankful for this hurried glance at such a picturesque and prosperous town. In the delta of the Weber and the Ogden rivers, on a lofty bench of the Great Salt Lake, this young and thriving city sits enthroned like a queen of the mountains and valley. Behind it rise the majestic Wasatch mountains, in front gleam the blue-green waters of the wondrous inland sea, and on either hand as far as the eye can reach stretches the glorious valley, with its grain fields and meadows, its orchards and vineyards, gardens and groves. In the city itself many costly and substantial public and private buildings were seen, as well as a couple of very handsome and well-shaped public parks. In the canon through which we were taken by Mormon drivers is located the plant of an electric company, with an electric capacity of many thousand horse-power, being excelled in magnitude only by the one at Niagara Falls, and which will soon be turning every wheel of industry in the city, hurrying on the electric cars between Ogden and Salt Lake City, and even furnishing the lights to the latter place. There were so many carriages at the waterfall in the canon when we were there that we were blocked for a short time. Ogden impressed me even more favourably as a healthy and rising district than Salt Lake City.

The secretary of the Ogden Young Men's Christian Association came into our car before we left the station, and I had a chat with him. One-half of the people in this city, he told me, are Mormons, and Christian Association work amongst the young men is not of the most encouraging nature. A Mr. James Wotherspoon, from Paisley, Scotland,

also came into the car to enquire after a Mr. Stewart from Hamilton, Ontario, an old fellow-townsmen of his. I had a long conversation with him on Mormonism. It appears that there are 1,300 missionaries on the field at present. They are told when they are sent out "to leave wine and women alone." Wilford Woodruff is now the respected leader of the Mormons; but he was then lying seriously ill. They have a tabernacle at Ogden that will seat 1,200 persons. It is lit up at night with 350 incandescent lights. They were then repairing it, and the estimated cost is \$16,000. Many of the Mormons are giving their labour free, and that is regarded as a subscription from each man. They have a good system of relieving the poor. The city is divided into districts, and each district has its own teacher who resides there and has full oversight. He visits the people at regular intervals; and should anyone be in financial difficulties, his or her wants are at once attended to.

We changed to the Southern Pacific Railway, and left Ogden about 7 o'clock. Before retiring for the night a delightful Christian Endeavour prayer-meeting was held, ably led by the Rev. James Cormack.

On account of many stoppages, our progress through the night was very slow; but the railway company had an arduous task assigned them. Including regular trains, there were moved out of Ogden, westward bound, from July 1st to the 8th, 74 trains, of which 59 were specials or sections of the regular trains. The total number of cars was 838, or an average of nearly 12 cars per train; the total number of passengers 23,800, or about 310 per train. The question of obtaining sufficient water for the locomotives in the desert, and feeding and providing water for the passengers, gave the officials much concern. At all stations where the water was procured from streams, springs or wells, extra pumpers were put on, with instructions to keep the pumps going night and day, and to some stations water cars were moved from other parts of the line to



increase the supply. The company also made arrangements with citizens at Terrace, Elko, Carlin, Humboldt, Battle Mountain, Wadsworth, Truckee, Summit, Blue Canon and Auburn to furnish lunches outside of the regular eating-houses. Their carpenter force was instructed to erect long counters or tables in the open air, at which the food furnished could be served. Our slow movement could be readily attributed to this thoughtfulness for our comfort and safety. The transportation of practically 25,000 people over a single track of 900 miles with heavy grades, without an accident, is justly considered one of the most remarkable railway accomplishments ever performed.

#### JULY 6.

These occasional stoppages proved a blessing to two elderly ladies in our party, who this morning, when the train waited at Terrace for a short time, went out hatless and uncombed in quest of breakfast, and, whilst partaking of it, were left behind. The daughter of one of them was much distressed until they rejoined us a few hours later on at Tacoma, where we made another stoppage, they having come by the following special train.

We had now entered the Nevada or Great American Desert. Nature has denied to this wretched region any compensation of flower, stream, bird, or even curiosity. It is the very nakedness of bleak desolation, and stretches thus for a distance of 600 miles. The Humboldt River has tried to force its way through this parched waste; but, however great its volume of water, gathered from the mountains in spring freshets, the desert drinks it up at a place known as Humboldt Sink, where the thirst of the sands is so great that the river is arrested and stands still in a shallow lake, the resort of myriads of waterfowl. Yet men have planned their hopes even in this barren desert. Indian camps were frequent, and occasionally villages were passed, where a few men, inured to all difficulties, scratch the parched

earth and seek a precarious living, though nearly all are traders, furnishing supplies to miners in the mountains miles away. Hearty hymn-singing was indulged in whenever the train stopped at these small villages, at one or two of which specimens of the minerals of the district were given us. Few churches or mission stations were to be seen; the people gladly listened to our hymn-singing; one of the listeners said he had not heard a sermon preached for ten years. Mr. Brown, of Toronto, got two cowboys to sign their names, and showed me the signatures, which were plain and well-written. Some of these young men have been University students. One boy was very much pleased at being shown a miniature British flag, and the lady who had possession of it for the time being jokingly remarked that he was to take off his hat whenever he again saw it! We lost ten hours by our different stoppages. A good Christian Endeavour prayer-meeting was held before we retired for the night; and an interesting debate on the subject of "Dancing" took place between some of the clergymen and Dr. Martin.

#### JULY 7.

When I arose the train had reached Wadsworth, where a brief stoppage was made. Truckee Valley was now entered, green with the joy of exuberant Nature, which we followed until Truckee City, in the State of California, was gained, where we realized that we had to climb the second ridge of the continent. Some of the party sang hymns at this station. Truckee is not only a pretty village, nestling on the bosom of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but it is the centre of a lake region, wherein abound some of the most remarkable bodies of water to be found on the globe. Fourteen miles towards the south is California's favourite resort, Lake Tahoe. A little way west of Truckee, and three miles from the road, is Donner Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, chiefly famous because of the tragic history

which is connected with it. In the winter of 1846-47, a party of eighty-two emigrants, when on their way to California, were overtaken by a snowstorm while encamped on the shore of the lake, and of the number thirty-six perished of starvation. A ghastly tale of cannibalism is told of the survivors, and the whole tragedy is embalmed in Bret Harte's novel of "Gabriel Conroy."

As the train proceeded up the mountain, the cold increased until Cascade Station was reached. For miles and miles snowsheds obstructed the view of very pretty scenery.

A PSALM OF WAIT.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
This is but a wooden shed ;  
For the sleepers in their slumbers  
Know not what fine view 's ahead.

This is glorious, panoramic,  
For Cape Horn 's to be our goal ;  
Dashing sentiments dynamic  
Surge and seethe within my soul.

Sign-boards that we pass remind us  
We shall reach Cape Horn sometime,  
Leaving these dull sheds behind us,  
Whirling into views sublime ;

Views that our ignoble brother,  
Snoring in his blanket blind,  
Leaves to some more sprightly other  
Of an enterprising mind.

Let us, then, be up and viewing,  
Though our breakfast we've not ate ;  
Mountain visions still pursuing,  
Learn to squint through boards, and wait.

Here and there, as we whirled along, we caught glimpses of the magnificent peaks and valleys of the highest Sierras. Far down below us gleamed a swift cascade. Again, our breaths would be drawn quickly at sight of a superb lake,

or of a line of serrated summits, or of a glittering snow field. We were told that there had been a snowstorm here on the preceding night.

The train began to descend after leaving Cascade Station or the Summit, and the most wonderful scenery presented itself in the remainder of our journey. We passed Emigrant Gap, through which the first gold-seekers found their way into the golden valley, and American Canon, along the dizzy edge of which the train ran at a free and almost reckless pace. Farther on, the way was broken with cascades, creeks, and beautiful canons. Below us was a forest of pine trees, and chasm after chasm came into view as the train ran towards Cape Horn, a perpendicular ledge of rock, 2,000 feet high, that seems to have no substantial support. The ledge is so precipitous that, in making the track for the railway, it was necessary to lower the first workmen by means of ropes, which were held fast at the summit while the suspended men plied their picks and crowbars until a footing was made.

After passing Cape Horn, the train sped over many a mountain curve as it descended into the Sacramento Valley. Near Colfax, we were met with a burst of sunshine that filled every heart with gladness. The contrast between the States of Nevada and California is very sudden and great. Out of the arid plains, the road led rapidly to altitudes of perpetual snow, and into forests of pine that cover the sides of fearful precipices, the peaks of towering mountains and the jaws of yawning chasms; then it descended into a land of perennial bloom, where the sun revivifies and forces into fruitage orchards, vineyards, groves, gardens and fields, making the land one of teeming plenty, of indescribable beauty.

"Soft sunny skies smile a welcome,  
Flowers on hillside and lea;  
All the land thrills with rejoicing  
From the mountains to the sea."

Many local Endeavourers gave us a warm reception both at Colfax and Auburn, handing us fruit of all kinds, luscious figs pear-shaped, peaches and plums, and beautiful bouquets of flowers—yea, flowers of speech as well, in the form of a beautiful poem in praise of the "Gateway County," neatly printed on cardboard. But this cordial welcome reached its climax at Sacramento, where the station was brilliantly illuminated with coloured incandescent lights, gracefully draped with the Convention colours—purple and gold, and thronged by enthusiastic Christian Endeavourers.

"Welcome, welcome! you're never too late  
For a C.E. welcome to the Golden State!"

We could not doubt it. Many of the Reception Committee boarded the train to shake hands with us, and flowers and fruit were lavishly distributed. Then, a book full of splendid engravings, giving a brief account of Sacramento County, was presented to each of us. We went out to the crowded platform and engaged in friendly conversation with the people there. I spoke to a gentleman who used to live in Nova Scotia; another asked if there were any delegates from Ottawa; so that it was soon ascertained that there were a few Canadians amongst the people at this station. Hymn-singing was at once started, and the national anthems were vigorously rendered by the New Hampshire and Canadian delegations. Towards the close of the singing of "God Save the Queen," one of the Reception Committee, a loyal British subject, who had accompanied us most spiritedly, tore himself away overcome with emotion, exclaiming in a husky voice to his young lady companion—"I can stand this no longer!" Out from the station at length we sped amid a mighty cheer, with a feeling of regret that our stay here was so short, and that we were unable to have a more satisfactory look at the capital city and its superb surroundings. Quite a number of the Reception Committee went with us to San Francisco.



As we now approached the end of our long journey, a "Farewell Meeting" was held, and our excursion manager and the coloured porter of the car received votes of thanks for the able and courteous way in which they had done their duty. Sacred hymns were sung, prayer was offered up, and speeches were made. Dr. Martin, who had travelled for the first time with a Christian Endeavour party, made a few remarks expressive of the delight he had felt in mingling with them, in the course of which he said :—"I was never so agreeably disappointed in my life. I expected to have a dull and gloomy time; instead, I have had the pleasantest trip I ever had." The meeting closed with the singing of "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again."

I should have mentioned that Miss McCammon, of Gananoque, left the train at a small station near Auburn in order to visit the grave of a friend. Miss Fraser, of Shakespear, was on her way to be married to a Canadian; the important ceremony took place a day after her arrival in San Francisco, when she changed her name to Mrs. William C. Patterson.

Our train was the last to reach Oakland Mole that night. From this point we crossed the bay to San Francisco in a spacious and charmingly-decorated ferry. "Welcome" shown in great letters on one end, while the other bore the conspicuous motto :—"Even the winds and the waves obey Him." On our way to the Mechanics' Pavilion by street-car for the purpose of registering, San Francisco's brilliant streets at once caught the attention of all. At almost every hundred feet wires were stretched across the principal thoroughfares, and from these wires fluttered thousands of flags, while on each side large curved strips of purple and orange completed the arches. Half-way down Market Street we passed under a splendid triumphal marble arch, glowing with Convention colours and bearing the significant motto :—"Maine, 1881—California, 1897." Everywhere the purple and orange colours were displayed, in

shields, hangings, draperies, banners, till the city seemed glowing with poppies. We registered at the space assigned to "Canada and Foreign Countries," where we received our Convention programmes, badges, and several useful visitors books. The Convention badge was a very handsome one—a purple ribbon, bearing a circular golden medal, the whole surmounted by the California bear. A bright set were the messenger boys, with their purple hats and yellow hatbands, and their feet ran willingly and swiftly on hundreds of errands. One of them conducted me to the Girard House at 142 Seventh Street, where I roomed during my stay in San Francisco. It was very convenient to the main places of meeting.

#### ADDITIONAL ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Kentucky delegation, 240 strong, passed through a severe storm among the mountains. Stones—loosened from the steep mountain sides—came crashing through the car windows, and blocked the track, so as to cause nearly a day's delay.

By the timely warning of an old farmer, the train which carried 500 delegates from the State of Oregon was stopped before it reached a burning bridge and their lives were thus preserved. They resolved themselves at once into an Endeavour meeting, and gave thanks to God. A well-filled purse was presented to the farmer, and a resolution of gratitude passed to the conductor, engineers and trainmen for their prompt action in the emergency.

A special train bearing 150 Endeavourers from Peoria, Illinois, ran into a stock train on a siding at the small town of Cody, near Akron, Colorado, and knocked three or four cars all to pieces, killing a great many cattle. The engine of the special train was completely destroyed; the engineer was killed, and several passengers were injured.

Another special train, with four cars containing about 150 Indiana Endeavourers and two cars filled with Ohio

delegates, was in a wreck at Vandalia, which resulted in the death of a baggage agent and a mail clerk. Several cars were badly smashed and a number of the passengers were bruised. This accident caused them to be three days late.

A telegram, bearing greetings from fourteen or more Wisconsin Endeavourers who had met with a sad railway accident near Chicago and had turned their faces homeward, was read by Secretary Baer at one of the Convention meetings. It read :—"Disappointed, but not cast down."

Section one of the Massachusetts excursion had to leave behind in Colorado two of its elegant sleepers on account of defective wheels, their former occupants being crowded into *one* day coach, room being made for them at night in the six remaining sleepers, which were already comfortably filled. And no one was heard to murmur. That's Christianity.

A man committed suicide at Denver by throwing himself in front of a train of empty excursion cars on their way to the yard. What a difference between his view of life and death and that of Christian Endeavourers !

One of the Massachusetts delegates, Mr. Everson, of North Abington, accidentally met his death whilst driving through the "Garden of the Gods." Through his ministrations as chaplain of his car, he had endeared himself to his fellow-passengers.

At Salt Lake City the first Christian Endeavour meeting with the Chinese of the city was held. It will result in the organization of a Chinese Christian Endeavour Society.

At Wadsworth, Nevada, where 300 Wisconsin delegates held a service, a young woman came forward and asked about the formation of a local union. The Rev. J. W. Cochran, president, who was in command of the Wisconsin party, took the names of all the young people at the station who desired to join, and a society was promptly organized.

It is worthy of note that fifty long, crowded C.E. excursion trains sped across the American Continent to this Convention without *one smoking car* !

Think of it! All the way from Ogden, Utah, to Elko, Nevada, there is not a single Church of Christ; nor for ten hours' journey in the other direction is there a Christian pastor. One minister, the Rev. Mr. Donaldson, has a parish of 143,000 square miles.

Not a few conversions were reported as the result of the wayside meetings held by the many Christian Endeavour excursion parties while travelling to San Francisco.

The President of the Eiko, Nevada, Christian Endeavour Society, which is small and terribly isolated, said in a letter to the officers of the United Society:—"Your passing through here was something long to be remembered by the Endeavourers of this place. The society here never realized the extent of Christian Endeavour; and if anyone questions as to whether the Convention was worth the money spent on it, just refer them to us." Thirteen members of this society attended the Convention, and the enthusiasm they brought back was quite equal to the enthusiasm received from the visits of the flying hosts.

As late as noon on Friday, 9th July, reports were received of nineteen delayed trains of Endeavourers on their way from Ogden.

Sixty-one freight cars filled with Californian fruit, on account of the heavy passenger traffic on the railway line, were side-tracked at Sacramento, and could not proceed Eastward till Friday, 9th July. Some of this fruit, it is safe to say, would be in very bad condition when it reached its destination.

At Terrace, a party of Mormons came from a settlement twenty-five miles distant, purposely to hear the Endeavour songs, with which the Wisconsin delegates entertained them for hours.

One of the New York State delegations distributed several hundred copies of religious papers in the small Western towns through which they passed on their way to San Francisco.

## THE CONVENTION.

**B**EFORE the Sixteenth International Convention opened according to arrangement on Wednesday evening, July 7th, an appealing telegram was received from the passengers of one of the delayed trains:—  
“Illinois, 800 strong, asks you to postpone the opening of the Convention. Thirty-two trains behind us.” But the Convention had lasted all the way in the morning and evening prayer-meetings that made a Bethel of every car. It was not postponed. Though many of the speakers had not arrived, their places were ably filled by others. The topic chosen for the opening twenty-two addresses in eleven churches of various denominations scattered widely throughout San Francisco, Oakland, and Alameda, was—  
“The Life Filled with the Spirit.” More than 10,000 people attended these services. Among the speakers were two Canadian ministers—the Rev. Wm. Patterson, of Toronto, and the Rev. Robert Johnston, of London, Ontario. Here is a quotation from Mr. Johnston’s address:—“Into an old lady’s cottage in the Highlands of Scotland came on one occasion a visitor who supposed herself unrecognized. She spoke kindly words to the old body, and read to her a portion of God’s Word; but when she rose to go the old lady took the stool on which her visitor had sat and said: ‘Your Majesty, no one shall more sit on this stool, unless you should yourself deign again to visit my cottage.’ It was set apart for the Queen. O soul! set your life apart for your Lord, and not once or twice will He come to your humble heart, but daily, hourly, ay continually. He will occupy the seat that you reserve for Him.” Other speakers were the Rev. Dr. Clark and several trustees of the United Society. In all particulars, these opening services were a power in their inspiration and spiritual refreshment.



JULY 8.

There were nine early morning prayer-meetings ; but I felt too tired to attend any of them.

I went to the forenoon meeting in the Mechanics' Pavilion, where the Convention was opened, securing a good seat. It was estimated that 10,000 persons were present. The reporters' table extended nearly the full length of the building. There were eight or nine lady reporters. Before the advertised time of beginning, the immense auditorium was filled ; and song after song, voluntarily led by a New York delegate sitting near me, carried the enthusiasm of the multitude to the highest point. The selection of the Musical Director, Mr. A. M. Benham, of Oakland, included "The Banner of the Cross" and "There's a Royal Banner."

When President Clark rose to speak the opening words, the vast audience voiced their honour and love with cheers and the Chautauqua salute. Very fittingly he asked the multitude to rise and read in unison Psalm CXXI. Then the Rev. E. R. Dille, D.D., of San Francisco, the presiding officer, was introduced, who at once called upon the Rev. H. F. Shupe, of Dayton, Ohio, to conduct the devotional exercises. Together the audience read for the morning lesson Matthew 5: 1-12, and were led in prayer by Mr. Shupe. After the Business Committee had been announced by President Clark, a "Welcome Song," composed by Mr. J. W. Dutton and set to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was splendidly rendered by the choir.

The welcomes afterwards given were heartfelt, and the responses felicitous.

Before introducing Mr. Rolla V. Watt to give the address of welcome, the Rev. Dr. Dille said :—"Your presence is an answer to four years of prayer. All California is paying homage to you. From Shasta, whose white clouds are bursting in your honour, to sunny San Diego, we greet you."

A myriad handkerchiefs saluted Mr. Watt as he arose to

Everyone present appreciated the labour of love which showed itself in all the appointments and preparations of the Convention, and all were delighted to honour the Chairman of the Committee responsible for them.

Mr. Watt, in the course of a felicitously-worded address, said in part :—" This morning our dreams are realized, our hopes are fulfilled, our prayers are answered ; for we witness the assembling of an International Christian Endeavour Convention for the first time on the shores of the mighty Pacific. God bless you ! We are glad you are here ; welcome, thrice welcome. For a week past we have followed you with our prayers over valley and plain and mountain, from hamlet and village and city—from the rugged coast of Maine and the cowpaths of Boston, from Liberty Hall and the city on the Potomac, from Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, from the plains of Abraham and the slopes of Mount Royal, from the Crescent City in the South and the Windy City in the North, from the prairies and great plains of the Middle West, from the Rockies and the Selkirks, from the ranges of Texas and the forests of Washington, little streams of humanity from a thousand hillsides, meeting at last in one great river, whose irresistible currents swept on and on through the land of Mormon and the sagebrush of Nevada to make glad the city by the Golden Gate.

. . . We welcome you, first and above all, for the sake of our Master, whose banner of love is over all and whose servants you are. He has said if we lift Him up He will draw all men unto Himself ; and just as we represent Him in our thoughts, our words, our deeds, in our daily lives, so men will see Him. He holds in His hands the solution of all our problems—social, political and spiritual. It is the part of Christian Endeavour to take these proffered gifts and offer them to mankind. . . . We welcome you for your own sakes ; your buoyant enthusiasm, your thoughtful earnestness, your calm determination, your intelligence, your integrity, your sincerity, your consecration to a great

cause, command our admiration, beget our love, and make us your willing servants. We welcome you because of the millions of young people devoted to good citizenship, Temperance and righteousness whom you represent. . . . In some of our towns saloons must have clear glass fronts, and no screens; in others, saloons are not permitted at all. But in most cities in the West saloons occupy the chief corners. . . . A trip through Chinatown will soon reveal to the dullest observer why the cry 'The Chinese must go!' became almost universal; but you will also find that the Christian people were not deterred by popular prejudice from doing their duty. And while here you will doubtless visit the numerous missions maintained by the various churches among the peoples from heathen countries. A score or more of the converts of these missions to-day wear the white caps, with the purple band of our Reception Committee. Hundreds of Chinese girls have been wrested from the basest heathen slavery. There is no lack of opportunity here for missionary effort, and we are glad this is to be pre-eminently a Missionary Convention. . . . While you are in our city I trust you will seek out the bright spots rather than the dark ones; ascertain for yourselves what we are doing on the West coast along the lines you have chosen for your activities. Note the evidences of material, moral and religious progress, and, in so doing, remember that not fifty years ago on this little peninsula Yerba Buena was christened San Francisco; it was then scarcely a hamlet, and was not incorporated into a town until three years thereafter. . . . To California, to San Francisco, to our homes and hearts, welcome, a thousand welcomes."

The Rev. John Hemphill, D.D., delivered the address of welcome on behalf of the Golden Gate pastors. Here are one or two sentences from it:—"Francis E. Clark—the Peter the Hermit of the nineteenth century—has for several years been going up and down our own land and other lands preaching a far holier crusade, kindling the fires of Christian

zeal and love on the altar of young hearts ; and now, with a few battalions of his mighty army, he has invaded California, and we have surrendered unconditionally to him and to them. Fellow-soldiers in the army of the Lord, we give you the military salute.

' We are not divided ; all one body we ;  
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

. . . We invoke such showers of blessings upon you that in the coming years the San Francisco Convention will be referred to as the Pentecostal Convention."

Governor Budd could not be present, as had been expected, to voice California's welcome, for he was then engaged accompanying the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, the defeated Presidential candidate, over the State on a lecturing tour ; but the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. William T. Jeter, spoke brightly in his place. His cool, dry humour and well-chosen words kept the audience in convulsions of laughter. "I have become so accustomed," said he, "to acting the part of a substitute in representing great and small men, too, that sometimes I think when the final call may come to some good man, he may not be entirely ready, and may ask that I take his place. And if he is a very good man, I am not certain that I would lose anything by the operation." He made humorous reference to the slight earthquake felt in San Francisco two weeks previous to the Convention, and declared that it was California in convulsions of joy at the prospect of greeting the Endeavourers. If any further events of the kind should occur, it would simply be California's way of shaking hands with the delegates. He concluded thus:—"I most cordially ask you all to remain as long as your business at home will permit ; make yourselves entirely at home anywhere within this State. And when you are compelled to return home, arrange your worldly affairs as quickly as possible, and bring yourselves and your energies out here, where you can do

better work. We have broad valleys in the highest state of cultivation, broad acres that are now in virgin wildness—and our people are in much the same condition. We have a large number of loyal-hearted, true and active Christian people. We have a large number, the soil of whose hearts may be in virgin wildness, but it is ready to receive moral impressions, and it will not be long until you will have to look to your laurels in the East, if you expect to outvie us in the work of the Christian churches."

Mrs. Martin Schultz, soprano of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, then sang with much sympathetic effect Holden's "Praise the Lord, O My Soul."

"We are going to be welcomed at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1898," said the Rev. Dr. Dille. "I want to taste the welcome of that State, and I hope it will not be so warm, but more hospitable than some of the older of us met with in Tennessee in 1860. It is, therefore, fitting that we should be addressed by the Rev. Ira Landrith, of Tennessee, who will respond to the welcomes that have been extended."

That gentleman responded in a very happy manner. "To be compelled to spend in fifteen minutes of time all the fortune of fervent appreciation with which he was charged was," he said, "just a little too much to expect of even the Prodigal Son." But he did it, and did it grandly, though California's welcome had rendered "weak and puny every gigantic adjective" he had recently appropriated for the occasion from the agents of wheat-lands in Washington and the owners of fruit farms in Oregon and California. He asked them to watch the way they would use their gift of hospitality through these days of duty and delight. He is the worthiest guest who left a blessing in the home where he is entertained, and in the name and for the sake of their Master they would be worthy guests.

Three times did President Clark attempt the reading of his annual report; each time the cheers of the multitude

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prevented. Never before has he received such a demonstration of affection as the one given at this Convention. When quiet was restored, he announced as his theme:—"A World-Encircling Movement: How Shall It Fulfil God's Design?" In the course of a lengthy, ably-prepared and well-delivered address, he said:—"At the invitation of friends, and in obedience to the call of God, as I believe, I have, during the past year, been journeying in many lands, among people who speak many tongues. These journeys in behalf of Christian Endeavour have carried me more than 40,000 miles, to more than a score of peoples, who speak nearly as many languages. One factor I have found constant in all these lands: I have found Christ'an Endeavour principles everywhere the same. The same pledge, the same consecration meeting, the same general lines of effort for the Master, called Committee Work; the utmost diversity in unessential details; the utmost similarity of purpose in essential principles. . . . The peoples whom I have seen have been of diverse creeds and views of religious truth. All, to be sure, have acknowledged the supremacy of Jesus Christ as the very Son of God and the only Saviour of lost sinners; all have accepted the Bible as the Word of God, and the Holy Spirit as the Sanctifier, Comforter and Guide: in such soil only can Christian Endeavour flourish. But in minor particulars the creeds and forms of church government of these hospitable hosts of our society differ as widely as their complexions. The shade of tan on a man's cheek does not make or unmake his manhood; the shade of his creed does not make or unmake his Christianity. . . . Only one denomination still seeks to prevent the increase of Christian Endeavour societies, and that has introduced Christian Endeavour principles, and, though we regret the absence of full fellowship, we are glad of the extension of the ideas for which we stand—in that we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. . . . Our responsibility to fulfil God's purpose increases with our growth. The



larger the movement, the more we conserve by our faithfulness, the more we wreck by our blindness or unfaithfulness to God's design. Let me, then, try to answer this vital question: How shall world-encircling Christian Endeavour fulfil God's design? First. *A world-wide movement must be true to its fundamental idea.* . . . The fundamental purpose of Christian Endeavour is to raise the standard among young people of outspoken devotion and consecrated service. This idea is embodied in our covenant pledge, and this idea makes our covenant *imperative* in a Christian Endeavour Society. . . . The whole history of the movement shows the supreme honour which God bestows upon uncompromising, unabashed, out-and-out service. . . . Second. *A world-encircling movement must necessarily be a UNIFYING movement.* . . . It has brought forty denominations together, so far as ecclesiastical authority has not interfered, and bound their young people in blessed bonds they have not before known; later, it has forged a link between forty nations that speak forty languages; more than all, it has woven new strands of Christian concord between the four great English-speaking sections of the world—the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Australia. . . . The world-wide Christian Endeavour movement is a new treaty of love and goodwill between millions of those who speak the same language and who work by the same methods for the same Lord. . . . Third. *A world-encircling movement must be a PERVASIVE force.* You have shown this sign of universal adaptability, Christian Endeavourers, by entering into prisons and asylums, lighthouses and life-saving stations, men-of-war and merchant vessels, soldiers' barracks and factory lofts, as well as into all the activities of church life. There is another place very near home where your power and principles are felt, and where they should be felt still more, and that is the weekly church prayer-meeting. . . . I hope to see the Senior Societies multiplied tenfold the coming year. . . . Fourth. *A*

*universal movement must be a SACRIFICIAL movement*; in its very essence a missionary movement. Let us make more determined *individual* effort this next year to obey our Lord's last command to evangelize the world. . . . This whole Convention, with its long preliminary journey, is a lesson in patriotism and home missions; and home missions is another way of spelling patriotism. A student in training, a catechist, a Bible woman, a pastor, a teacher, a village school, a mission church at home or abroad—one or all of these is within the giving power of almost every Endeavourer to whom I speak. Have your representative at work while you sleep. Work twenty-four hours a day for God. . . . I know of no way so good for Endeavourers to make this thought a definite and tangible part of the new Endeavour year as by joining the Tenth Legion. . . . Give this through your own churches and your own missionary boards. . . . Fifth. *A world-encircling movement must listen to God's voice, and continually obey it.* . . . The Endeavourers of California, our hospitable hosts, have done valiant work, as have many others, for the rescue of the Sabbath from the hands of the enemies. These banners we will always keep flying. No inch of ground once gained will we carelessly surrender to the enemy. . . . Indeed, we will press ever-advancing columns and take new redoubts. Sabbath-breaking, the saloon curse, the gambling den, the brothel, shall receive no quarter at the hands of Christian Endeavourers. . . . Again and again we need to come back to this fundamental thought: The Christian Endeavour movement can only prosper as Christ is in its members and its members are in Christ. . . . A life hid with Christ in God does not come by chance. We must choose it, desire it, seek it. Let me, then, suggest two definite practical ways in which it may be promoted:—

- 1st. In seeking this closer walk with God, give more attention to *family religion*. . . . The Endeavourers of America can, within the next decade, distinctly raise the

tone of the religious life of the families of the nation. Why not carry our Endeavour principles into the family? Promote family religion by making more of daily household worship, *and by having, at least once a week, family Christian Endeavour worship, in which every member, even to the lisping four-year-old, shall have some personal participation.* Let the children of Christian parents grow up as confessing, outspoken disciples of Christ in the family; making their choice of Him very early, and never remembering the time when they did not love Him. . . .

2nd. *Remember the morning watch.* Set apart, religiously and sacredly, at least fifteen minutes every morning to communion with God. More imperative than any business engagement, more sacred than any matter of family concern, more important than eating or sleeping, make this daily engagement with God. . . . 'Practice the presence of God' for at least fifteen minutes every morning, before the day's cares distract your mind, and you, like Moses, will be able to endure 'as seeing Him who is invisible.' . . . Oh, if a million Endeavourers every day for a year to come would remember the quiet hour, the power of Christian Endeavour with God and man would be multiplied a hundredfold!

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

THE NATION FOR CHRIST.

THE FAMILY FOR CHRIST.

MYSELF FOR CHRIST.

That fourfold Christian Endeavour cord cannot be broken. 'The world does not yet know what God can do through a fully-consecrated man,' America's greatest evangelist heard a passer-by on the street remark to another. And that remark influenced, and in a way transformed, his whole life. The world does not yet know what God can do through a fully-consecrated organization. . . . We have the infinite might of the infinite God to use. We have Omnipotence to draw upon. 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'

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. . . O, Christian Endeavourers, there is a mine of undiscovered wealth on the edge of which you are treading! There is a might inconceivable which you may have for the asking. It is the treasure of the Spirit's abiding presence; it is the might of God's power, which He offers to the humble and contrite heart. Will you take it? Will you use it for the coming of the Kingdom? The seventeenth year of Christian Endeavour, whose white, unwritten page we now turn with the opening day of this Convention, will show how you have answered this question."

The speaker was frequently interrupted by applause as the audience responded to the sentiments of the address. At its conclusion, a perfect storm of cheers and handkerchief-waving was accorded him.

A song was rendered, and President Clark returned hastily to the rostrum. "I have here," he said, waving over his head a short shoe-hammer, "a tool that once belonged to William Carey, the famous cobbler and missionary of the eighteenth century. Carey was the man who said:—'My business is to preach the Gospel; I mend shoes to pay expenses.' Sydney Smith called him 'the consecrated cobbler.' I had intended to call the Convention to order with this hammer. It is not too late now. You are now formally in session," concluded President Clark, rapping the table as he spoke.

The Rev. Dr. Dille then proposed three raps in honour of the motto of the Endeavourers, the audience to wave their handkerchiefs as each blow fell:—"The world for Christ; the nation for Christ; myself for Christ," said the presiding officer, and a sea of snowy white waved over the vast building.

"I propose," said the Rev. Dr. James L. Hill, of Salem, Mass., "three cheers for the Rev. Francis E. Clark and Carey's hammer," and with hearty goodwill the multitude responded.

When the Rev. Dr. Dille introduced the General Secre-

tary, Mr. John Willis Baer, as a "composite figure of the Christian Endeavour workers," the Convention reciprocated the sentiment with a magnificent welcome to this tireless officer.

In a somewhat hoarse voice, Secretary Baer read his annual report, from which the following is extracted :—  
"Christian Endeavour—A River. . . . Since last we met, this great current has been swelled by 5,000 new societies . . . . The world-wide enrolment is now 50,747 local societies, with a total membership of 3,000,000. . . . Pennsylvania still leads with 3,443 local societies; Ontario stands fifth, with 1,783. These figures do not include the Junior, Intermediate, or other societies. . . . Pennsylvania still leads with 1,397 Junior Societies. . . . The Junior badge banner for the largest gain during the year passes from Pennsylvania, which has held it for three years, to Ohio. The other Junior badge banner for the greatest proportionate increase in number of Junior Societies passes from Mexico to Spain. . . . Strange history we are writing. . . . There are now 366 Intermediate Societies; California leads with 51. . . . Already the Mothers Societies number 70; Illinois leads with 30. . . . In all, 27 churches have announced that they have organized their regular midweek prayer meeting into Senior Societies by applying the Christian Endeavour idea. . . . England has 3,925 societies; Australia, 2,124; Scotland, 433; Wales, 311; India, 250; Ireland, 169; Madagascar, 93; France, 68; Mexico, 100; Japan, 66; West Indies, 63; Turkey, 41; China, 53; Africa, 52; Germany, 32; and so on through a long list, with a total of 7,919 societies. In addition, all Canada has 3,390 societies. The badge banner for the greatest proportionate increase in number of societies, now held by Scotland, will fall into the hands of the loyal Endeavourers on the Emerald Isle. And the other banner given for the largest absolute gain in total number of societies is for the fourth consecutive year held

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5,531; in Canada, the Methodists lead with 1,062 societies;  
in Great Britain, the Congregationalists are in the van with  
1,216 societies; under the Southern Cross, in Australasia, the  
Wesleyan Methodist societies are the most numerous. . . .

Upon the Missionary Roll of Honour are the names of 10,468  
Christian Endeavour societies that have given nearly \$200,000  
to missions *through their own denominational missionary  
boards*. . . . The largest gift reported by any one

society is the \$1,437.01 of the Clarendon Street Baptist  
Society of Boston. The Calvary Presbyterian Church of  
Buffalo is second, with \$1,016.85. And we must take off

our hats to a Chinese society here in San Francisco, the one  
in the Chinese Congregational Mission; it stands third,  
having given nearly \$700 to its own denominational

missionary board, and is supporting six missionaries in the  
field. . . . Philadelphia gained the banner given to the

city union that has reported the largest increase in the  
number of societies. . . . The banner for good citizen-

ship passes from Cleveland to Indianapolis, for successful  
and very practical work in stopping Sunday baseball,

Sunday theatres, Sunday saloons, and for suppressing  
obscene literature. . . . California has secured the Lord's

Day banner which was offered at Washington by the Rev.  
Dr. Crafts, of the Reform Bureau. . . . This means

that California Christian Endeavourers, under the leader-  
ship of their secretary, Mr. Francis W. Reid, have mapped

out a campaign which promises a better day for the Pacific  
Coast, and their aggressive methods should be a stimulus to

every State in the Union. . . . The Tenth Legion, but  
three months old, now numbers over 1,600 members. It

was the New York City Union that first conceived this plan,  
and she again secures the banner for the largest number of

members who give proportionately not less than one-tenth  
of their income to God. . . . During eleven months



25,264 of the Juniors have joined the Church; from the Young People's Societies, 187,125—in all, 213,389. What a ransomed host! What a blessed testimony to God's grace and proof of fidelity to His Church! . . . Verily, the river of Christian Endeavour is *one* of the streams that make glad the city of our God, for God Himself is the fountain from which it must flow. May it be to this busy world 'a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb'!"

Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, having entered the hall, was presented for a few words of welcome. He said that a great compliment had been paid to San Francisco, and she had opened wide her doors and thrown away the key.

Secretary Baer then read a message from President McKinley, sending his greetings to the Convention, dated June 24th, and a telegram, just received, of date July 7th. The telegram was worded as follows:—"Executive Mansion, July 7, 1897. My best personal wishes for the success of the Convention. William McKinley."

This message was received with hearty applause, and the entire audience rose to vote a suitable reply.

The Rev. Chas. A. Dickinson, of Boston, now presented the banner won by Ireland. He said he felt within him a sort of internecine strife in transferring this banner from Scotland to Ireland, for one side of his family tree reached back to the shamrock and the other to the thistle.

The Rev. Mr. Patterson, of Toronto, who was about to sail for Belfast, received the banner. He said that there was no country that Scotland would rather give the banner to than Ireland, for the first Scotchman was an Irishman! He declared that Belfast was building a ship that in 1900 will carry 4,000 Endeavourers from Ireland to the London International Christian Endeavour Convention.

The Rev. W. H. Vogler, of Indianapolis, presented the Junior badge banner to Spain; but there was no one present

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to receive it, so it was forwarded to the C.E. headquarters there.

The Rev. George F. Pentecost pronounced the benediction, and this most enthusiastic opening meeting came to an end.

Another meeting took place at the same time in Woodward's Pavilion.

When the meeting was over in the Mechanics' Pavilion, I took a leisure survey of the vast interior of this, the chief place of meeting. It presented a scene of animation. The bright faces and jaunty yachting caps of the hundreds of young people who formed the Reception Committee were conspicuous as they flitted to and fro, upstairs and downstairs, directing and helping the visitors. A few carpenters were still busy putting the finishing touches to their work; and an army of women on stools and ladders, their arms piled with bunting, was scattered through the County Headquarters. An eager, inquiring, jostling, elbowing and baggage-laden throng of newly-arrived delegates completed the picture.

The Convention Hall was the largest Christian Endeavourers have ever known, and it was one wondrous blaze of colour. It was a revelation in the art of decoration. The galleries were festooned in purple and golden yellow, wreaths of flowers and evergreens were hung across the hall, and from the ceiling were pendent light creations suggestive of fairy baskets. Over every entrance to the auditorium thick double curtains in the Endeavour colours, and bearing the Endeavour monogram, were placed.

The State and County Headquarters, the rest and conversation room, the missionary and floating society exhibits and the maze of other apartments, lined both sides of the main auditorium. The rest and conversation room was a novel and most thoroughly appreciated feature. One hundred tables were placed in the centre of the room, on

which were pen and ink, and immense amounts of paper and envelopes were given away free to delegates during the Convention. This room was softly carpeted, and was adorned with beautiful pictures. At one end of it free stereopticon exhibitions of California scenery were given on one or two afternoons between Convention meetings. On the opposite side of the building was the California State Headquarters, which was the gem of all the displays. Entrance was had beneath beautiful white arches, modelled after the style of the old missions, and the beauty that met the eye was bewildering. Photographs and paintings of entrancing scenes, specimens of rich cereals, tropical fruits of all kinds, object-lessons—a myriad of them—as to California's fruitfulness and splendour, thronged on every side. These headquarters occupied a space 50 feet wide by 350 feet long. The general decorations cost \$800; with special features, this sum was increased to \$1,000. A space 23 by 60 feet was devoted to missions. The display within was entirely devoted to showing how Christian work has developed along the lines of different denominations from early days. A committee of Christian Chinese and Japanese ladies were there to receive the visitors. Next in point of attraction was the Alameda County's Quarters, which were extremely picturesque. Here, besides pamphlets, fruit and flowers were given to the delegates in large quantities at intervals. At the Los Angeles County booth lemonade was occasionally served to thirsty visitors, carloads of lemons and sugar having been presented by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the Chino Sugar Refinery. Interest was shown in the display of the Floating Society, the principal feature of which was a model full-rigged ship twenty feet long. But all the booths were well displayed and very interesting; I spent a most delightful hour amongst them.

Immediately facing the main entrance were the San Francisco newspaper booths, a laundry office, and a post-office; and to the right a ladies' hat and cloak room, and

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on the left the telegraph and telephone headquarters. A dainty apartment was fitted up near the entrance by the Children's Hospital, known as the "Emergency Hospital." In it were two beds in spotless white, a supply of emergency instruments and drugs, and two nurses in hospital attire.

This was indeed a model Convention Hall; the Union



MECHANICS' PAVILION.

Jack and the Stars and Stripes were entwined above the main entrance.

The following will partially serve as an indication of the *souvenirs* distributed at the booths and elsewhere:—Ten thousand beautifully-illustrated books of Sacramento County were given to delegates; the same number of

books were distributed by the Glenn County Endeavourers; 8,000 books, by the Fresno young people; 3,000 redwood bark pincushions, by the Tulare County Endeavourers; small-sized redwood shingles, by the Humboldt Endeavourers; fancy books, illustrating the beauties of the county, by the San Joaquin Endeavourers.

In the afternoon, I was present at a most enthusiastic and well-attended rally of the Canadian Presbyterians in the Howard Church, corner of Oak and Baker Streets. The meeting-place was well filled by representatives from all over the Dominion—from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. The Rev. J. S. Conning, of Caledonia, presided, and gave a good opening address. Thoughtful addresses were also delivered by the Revs. James Cormack, of Maxwell, on "The Extension of Christian Endeavour"; John Chisholm, of Dunbarton, on "The Assembly's Plan of Study"; A. Gandier, of Halifax, on Mr. Chisholm's topic; William Patterson, of Toronto, on "The Value of Junior Endeavour Societies"; and Robert Johnston, of London, on "The Best Way to Interest Our Young Men." Mr. Johnston said that the training in the home must be strictly attended to. They must magnify the heroic in religion. It is easy to reach the young men in childhood. Christ appealed to the heroic in them. A committee of five—consisting of four ministers and myself—was appointed by the meeting to draw up a resolution thanking the General Assembly for the interest it was taking in the work of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavour.

In the evening, I went to the meeting in the Mechanics' Pavilion. So great was the multitude that sought to enter this building that three overflow meetings were successfully carried on; upwards of 2,000 people were present at the overflow meeting held in front of this chief meeting-place. Within the immense auditorium the themes discussed were—"Christian Endeavour v. The Saloon" and "Christian

Endeavour and Civic Righteousness." The atmosphere was charged with true Christian Endeavour; the responsiveness of the audience was marked. The praise service began at 7.30, under the direction of E. D. Crandall, of Alameda. After the choir had rendered a beautiful anthem, the Chairman, the Rev. Robert F. Coyle, D.D., of Oakland, introduced the Rev. Ezra Tinker, D.D., of Wilmington, Del., to conduct the devotional exercises. Dr. Tinker read Ephesians 6: 10-17, and offered a fervent prayer, closing with the Lord's Prayer, in which the vast company joined with one voice.

Secretary Baer, bubbling over with excitement and good cheer, made announcements concerning the overflow meetings amidst the heartiest applause; and, at his request, the Rev. W. H. G. Temple, of Seattle, invoked God's blessing upon the Wisconsin delegates who were injured near Chicago.

The Chairman then introduced the first speaker, the Rev. Howard H. Russell, LL.D., of Columbus, Ohio.

In the course of an eloquent and earnest address, Dr. Russell said:—"The hour has come for the pastors of all our churches everywhere to lead forth their people to-day against a more baneful foe than that of 1776 or 1861—the Saloon; which slays more men every year than fell upon both sides during the Revolution, and every five years than fell upon both sides during the awful carnage of the Rebellion. . . . As our English cousins, like Gladstone, now approve American Independence, and our Southern brethren, like Grady and Gordon, endorse the results of Emancipation, so likewise all the world, including the liquor-dealers themselves, will, in the coming century, applaud the triumphs of Christian Endeavour *versus* The Saloon. . . . All Endeavourers agree the saloon is an arch-evil. All agree we must meet organization with organization. The saloon conspiracy must be overmatched with an anti-saloon combination. I shall, I am sure, have



your quick assent that the churches—provided a proper method be proposed—are the most available and logical forces to federate for this conflict. It would be a profitable hour, if we had time, to consult upon this point the Church's chart and compass, the Bible. Take one citation of authority—I. John 3: 8. The Apostle John was a Conservative, but he knew the errand of the Gospel: 'For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the Devil.' And there can therefore be no better King's business for the Church of Jesus Christ than to destroy this most desolating work of the Devil—the drunkard-making, heart-breaking, home-blasting, soul-damning, hell-crowding Saloon. The Churches have all declared war—upon paper. . . . Christian anathema must be succeeded by Christian Endeavour *versus* The Saloon. . . . We have been waiting as Christians for the proposal of a tangible method, and our brethren of the churches in some localities have at last found such a method. They have named this timely and effective federation of the Churches and Temperance organizations, 'The Anti-Saloon League.' Here an outline of the work and methods of the league was given. It had four departments. "The first, and the most important for many years to come, is the 'Agitation Department' Through the agency of systematic and aggressive agitation by tongue and pen and printing-press we seek the most rapid improvement of the general public sentiment which it is possible to attain. . . . The Anti-Saloon League is a public-opinion-building society. . . . The second department is the 'Enforcement Department.' In this department we seek the enforcement of all existing laws and restrictive regulations. The saloon-keeper is a chronic and ubiquitous law-breaker. . . . The league believes in the wedge principle. . . . If we cannot get the whole loaf, or the whole baking, we will take a slice, or a crust, or a crumb, and we will nourish the cause on half rations

while we fight on for a full meal. . . . The third department is the 'Legislative Department.' This means the careful and systematic effort to hold all present ordinances and statutes and the securing of better enactments. . . . The Anti-Saloon League organizes within the dominant political parties, whatever they may be, and holds its pre-primaries, and gets out the vote to the primaries, and defeats bad men, and nominates and elects good ones to all the offices possible. . . . The fourth is the 'Financial Department.' This Home Mission work is made one of the regular benevolences of all our churches. . . . In 1896 over \$8,000 were raised in one State. . . . The money raised provides for the employment of reputable, scholarly, college-bred men to carry on the work. . . . Of the fourteen field men engaged in Ohio last year nine were ministers, called from the pastorate to this Church Temperance work. Twenty-two persons were employed to give their whole time in the headquarters' offices and the field. The results thus far of this Church combination and activity are most encouraging." The speaker told of the re-election by the league's aid of thirty-six legislators in Ohio who voted for the Local Option Bill of 1894; of the defeat of twenty who voted against it; of the denunciation of Governor Stephens, of Missouri, for appointing a beer brewer as Police Commissioner of St. Louis, and of Governor Drake, of Iowa, for legalizing the return of breweries and distilleries to that State; of the passing by the two last Legislatures of four laws in the interest of Temperance, and of the reduction of more than 2,600 saloons in one State in four years. He concluded by saying:—"I beg you, one and all, to gather close about me to-night, and let us covenant, as did the brave clans of old. Let us revive that oath, with a change of a word or two, which William Lloyd Garrison wrote and printed in the first copy of his 'Liberator.' And let us take it and make it to-night our solemn and mutual declaration, and

then let us go forward together upon the united, persistent, and, please God, victorious conflict of Christian Endeavour against the Saloon :—

‘ I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,  
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,  
Rum’s desolating sway, till grog-shop chains  
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,  
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod :  
Such is the vow I take, so help me God ! ’ ”

After this address, Mr. Robert Husband and Miss Josephine Patterson sang in splendid style “ Saved by Grace,” the audience insisting on the repetition of one verse.

The banner for the best progress during the year in promoting Christian citizenship was fittingly presented at this stage, the Rev. Howard B. Grose, of *The Watchman*, Boston, making the address. The banner was not handed over in reality, as it was then in the bottom of a trunk which had not been delivered to its owner, like many other trunks of the Christian Endeavourers.

Mr. Buchanan, of the Indianapolis Union, made a neat speech in response. Later on he received the banner to take home ; but it did not reach its destination, for Mr. Buchanan with his wife and two sons were on board the steamer *City of Mexico*, which was sunk off Devil’s Rock, Alaska, on August 5th. After a thrilling experience, the passengers were safely landed at the village of Metlakatla, where they remained for three days, and were taken off the island by a passing steamer ; but Mr. Buchanan’s trunk, with the banner, was lost somewhere in the Northern Pacific. A new banner was made for the United Society.

The subject, “ Christian Endeavour and Civic Righteousness,” was ably treated by the second speaker, the Rev. Cortland Myers, of Brooklyn, who lifted his audience to sublime heights of consecrated patriotism with his strong convictions, uncompromising attitude and fervid oratory.

The words that the speaker uttered that will probably be longest remembered were to this effect:—"During the last national campaign I raised my voice for patriotism and righteousness, and exerted my influence and spent my money wherever I thought I could accomplish anything in that direction. I was offered money and the company of a United States Congressman if I would give two months of my time to stumping the country. But I want to say before you all to-night, and may the gates of Heaven open and the angels bear me witness, that I will never again—no, never—raise my voice, use my pen or exert my influence in behalf of any man or combination that is not unalterably opposed to the Saloon, and determined to see its destruction." He held up in strong light those who shirked the duty of suffrage, and declared the man to be a traitor who remained away from the polls. He called for a combined effort on the part of the Endeavourers to drive demagogues from politics, and asked that the motto of every American should be "America for Christ."

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Lavery, of Los Angeles.

Two valuable addresses furnished the backbone of a strong meeting at Woodward's Pavilion. One was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Pentecost, who took as his subject—"Christian Endeavour and Good Literature." The other address was by the Rev. Josiah Strong, author of "Our Country," and General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance. His main purpose was to urge a plan by which the young people could, in every town and country district, organize Christian citizenship leagues, primarily for the shrewd and thorough distribution of educative literature, and partly for rapid protests against bad bills and strong commendation of good ones. The banner won by California by her splendid campaign in defence of the Sabbath was handed over to the man who organized the victory, Francis W. Reid, a

Canadian by birth and California's brilliant State secretary.  
The weather was cool that night.

#### JULY 9.

There were nine early morning prayer meetings, a meeting for Bible study and a Chalk Talk ; but I felt too tired to attend any of these meetings.

I was present at the forenoon meeting in the Mechanics' Pavilion. The delegates were somewhat slow in assembling ; the auditorium was not half filled when Mr. Robert Husband, the musical director, at 9.30, began the praise service, but it gradually filled. For fifteen minutes the building rang with the grand hymns in praise of Him in whose name the delegates had gathered. The presiding officer was Mr. H. J. McCoy, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco. In opening the session, Mr. McCoy referred to his first coming to San Francisco sixteen years before, and said :—" Since that time, the young Christian workers of this great city have been instrumental in erecting the handsomest building of its kind in the West. It is a mistake to think there are no Christian young men in San Francisco. The city is full of them, and more are coming into the fold each day." The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. W. K. Spencer, of Adrian, Michigan. He read Psalm CXXII., and offered prayer.

Under " Aggressive Work," the first speaker introduced was Mr. George W. Coleman, of *The Golden Rule*, Boston, who set forth the advantages of the Intermediate Society for boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen in churches where there is a large company of young people. " From the earliest days," he said, " since little children were first welcomed into the Church, it has been an ever-growing problem how to so lead their lives that their footsteps might never be turned from the paths of peace and righteousness. Thank God, Christian Endeavour has come

to solve that problem, and now the Intermediate Society can be applied to stop the last great leak. . . . The child in his progress from the Junior Society to the Intermediate, and from that to the regular C.E., finally reaches the point where, with all the power of a tremendously accumulated force, he is ready for membership and active services in the Senior Society, which is the Church itself."

The Rev. Joseph W. Cochran, of Madison, Wisconsin, continued the general subject of aggressive work by telling very effectively of "Christian Endeavour Extension in Country Districts." Here are a few striking sentences from his address:—"The life-blood of this nation is purified in the country. Farms are the lungs of the nation, and, if the lung-power be weak, the whole body politic is weak. The bravest and noblest souls that ever threw themselves into the thick of God's battles were those that came up from the country—the little towns and villages, the farms. Some spirits are there given time to sink knee-deep in Nature, to worship in the groves—God's first temples—to enter into the mysteries of upbringing life all about them—these are the spirits that can tell the rarest lessons to us who have been long in cities pent. When God found time in our day to set a fire blazing in the hearts of the youth, that might run around this wide world as the prairie fire runs before the gale, He did not roll together the logs of the great city churches to make the fire, but He used the kindling that He found in one little rocky portion of the nation; and with the little twigs of Williston, He truly set the forests of Endeavour blazing. . . . Bus-loads of Christian Endeavourers ought to go out into the neglected portions, hold their picnics and lawn conferences on Saturday afternoons, then leave their best leaders there for the Sunday meetings. . . . I wonder whether we shall ever have an 'Extension Day,' in which we shall all leave our city unions and go out into the highways and byways? . . . So let us go on to claim the country districts 'for Christ and the Church.'"



It was a pleasant surprise to the audience when Fong Sing, by special request, rendered "Christ Died For All." His voice—a deep, rich baritone—reached every nook and corner of the big building, and so delighted were the listeners that the great Chinese Christian worker was compelled to repeat the song.

The Rev. Jee Gam, another Celestial of more than ordinary repute, was formally introduced to the assemblage by Secretary Baer. The famous Chinaman, clad in the costume of his country, bowed twice to the great throng.

The second division in the thought of the morning was "The Essentials of a Model Christian Endeavour Society."

The first address was very fittingly upon "The Pledge." This was forcefully presented by the Rev. C. L. Powell, D.D., of Louisville, Kentucky. He made a strong plea for a closer adherence to the pledge, which he called the medulla of Christian Endeavour, and showed that an injury to it meant death—not sleep—to the society. The address was full of anatomical comparisons. Dr. Powell called Christ the heart of the pledge, and said that, to keep Christ safe in the heart, the pledge must be kept in His strength. "Be filled with the life of Christ," he said, "and do as you please; for you can but please to do the things He would like to have you do."

After the Knickerbocker Quartette had rendered in fine style a selection entitled "I Am Wandering Down,"

The Rev. Mr. Temple, of Seattle, Washington, delivered a bright and pointed address upon "Committee Work." He declared that if there was one thing that the Christian Endeavour Society strives to manifest in its committee work it is that Christianity is not a sentiment, but a reality. There are people who think they can sing themselves into everlasting bliss; but, if they neglect committee work, they may wake up to find that it is only everlasting blister. The best way to save a boy from the Devil is to set him to work. "Unless we can go into this committee work with a complete

spirit of service," he said, "our work will become merely perfunctory ; and after a young man becomes perfunctory, he generally becomes defunctory."

The Chinese Quartette rendered a hymn in splendid style ; after which,

The closing address was delivered by the Rev. Robert Johnston, of London, Ontario. This was the first time I listened to this gifted pastor, and I was thoroughly delighted with his address. Indeed, no more eloquent and telling addresses than his were delivered at this Convention. His topic was—"The Monthly Consecration Meeting." Here are a few of his pithy sentences :—"It is heart-power, rather than head-power, that moves this world. Whitfield's mighty and magnetic influence did not lie in his thrilling oratory, nor in his marvellous voice, so much as it lay in his power of sympathy and love. It was because the great preacher's own soul wept for the souls of men that he made thousands around him weep under his piercing Gospel utterances. . . . It is the power of heart, rather than power of head, that leads the great movements of the world. . . . As it is in the individual, so it is in the society. The consecration meeting is called the heart of Christian Endeavour. . . . I volunteer to say that while we talk of poor equipments, poor methods, too many of us would fail to look at the spot where failure must begin, and where in nine cases out of ten the cause for failure rests—the heart of the society, the consecration meeting. If the consecration meeting is true, if the hearts are there, in sincerity and earnestness made over to the disposal of Christ the King, then whatever our equipment, our numbers, our methods, success will be ours. . . . What is the meaning of the consecration meeting? Sixty years ago, a week or two past, our gracious Queen, a girl of eighteen, left her home and took her way to Westminster Abbey, whence so many sovereigns had preceded her, to be crowned. She was met by the multitudes, and presented to them

as their rightful and legal sovereign. And as the Archbishop of Canterbury placed the crown on the girl's head, every peer and peeress doffed their coronets in token that the Queen had come ; and then they advanced one by one, and spoke their words of allegiance :—‘ I do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship and faith, and truth I bear to you against all manner of foe, so to live and die.’ It was a handing-over of their possessions ; a handing-over of themselves ; a handing-over of their loyalty to her whom they called their Queen. So it seems to me the consecration meeting is the gathering where the hearts who know Christ Jesus come together, openly and publicly, to lay themselves at the disposal of their Lord. . . . I want to see the party that can put hands on me, and that can use me. . . . Life and limb and liberty, and all that I am and have, Christ, are thine, to be used by thee. That is the meaning of the consecration meeting. . . . The Christian life is not a complete thing anywhere between the Cross and the Crown ; but it is a growing and extending thing, and so, month by month, we come together, having learned more of ourselves, more of our brothers, more of the byways of this wicked world in which we live, and we give ourselves again to be Christ's, and His only, in every avenue of life ; and wherever He is, His Providence will reach us. . . . The monthly consecration meeting strikes the keynote of our lives, and we take it up and carry it on and on. . . . Magnify the Spirit and give prominence to the remembrance of Jesus Christ. The secret, the keyword, of consecration is in remembrance. The mightiest consecration meeting this world knows is in all our churches when, in obedience to the command of our risen Lord, we gather around the communion-table, and there, in the token of His body and blood, we remember Him—remember what He has done for us. . . . O ! that with yonder glorious throng—ay, better than that—O ! that here and now, O ! that in these closing days of the nineteenth century, by reason of the giving-over

of ourselves to Christ, O! that here we might join the glorious throng, and crown Him, in this glad and beautiful world, here and now, ere we die, Lord, Lord of all."

The benediction was pronounced by Bishop Arnett.

At this meeting, it was intimated that 20,000 Convention programmes had been given away, and that there were no more left.

A good meeting was also held that forenoon in Woodward's Pavilion; but the hall was only about half filled.

I attended the Christian Citizenship Committee Conference, which lasted from 2 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was held in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. Before this meeting began, I was kindly shown over this splendid building, valued at nearly half-a-million dollars. It is one of the largest and most complete buildings of the kind anywhere, is thoroughly equipped, handsomely furnished, and supplied with all modern conveniences. The membership now numbers nearly 1,300, and the building is a beehive of activity night and day. The Rev. Wm. E. Davis, Lebanon, N. J., superintendent of the Christian Citizenship Department of the New Jersey State Union, conducted the conference. The first speaker was the Rev. A. A. Murphy, of the Second Presbyterian Church of New Brunswick, N. J. His theme was—"The Rights and Privileges of Christianity." He emphasized the thought that loyalty to God embraced loyalty to Government, basing his declaration on the words of inspiration—"Render unto God the things that are God's, and unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The next speaker was the Rev. G. R. W. Scott, D. D., of Massachusetts. His subject was—"The American Spirit." It was a forcible presentation of the spirit that animated the Pilgrim Fathers and the early settlers, which must be perpetuated by the present generation in order to preserve and improve American institutions. Unrestricted Emigration, Bossism and Indifferentism are the foes most to be feared. The third speaker was the Rev.

Samuel Fallows, of Chicago, Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church. His theme was—"The Loyalty of the Adopted Sons of America." He said that they had no place in their country for those who were not Americans through and through. There must be a reign of the common people in the country. Christian Endeavour means to set its face against all monopolies that grow at the expense of the common people. Christian Citizenship means that each one should say:—"I am a man, and there is nothing that pertains to humanity that is foreign to me." These speeches took up nearly all the allotted time; only twenty minutes were devoted to the general conference, which, however, was entered into with much spirit, five or six speakers showing that in various parts of the land much had been done in the way of suppressing vice in every form. Sunday baseball, immoral literature, unlicensed saloons, Sunday theatres and brothels were the evils at which efforts had been directed, and in many instances these had been successful.

At the Prayer-Meeting Committee Conference, nearly all of the 400 people present took part.

One of the pleasant features of the Temperance Committee Conference was the presence of a Hawaiian delegate, who told of the signers' pledge in the new island republic.

Altogether, seventeen committee conferences were held that afternoon.

A good conception of the strong ocean breezes frequently prevailing here during the afternoons and evenings was had as I enjoyed a street-car ride to the main entrance to the Golden Gate Park. It was then so windy that my hat was blown off, notwithstanding careful watching.

I returned in time to attend the evening meeting in the Mechanics' Pavilion. It seemed as though everybody had anticipated the great rush for seats at this meeting. An hour after the doors opened every available spot was occupied by enthusiastic Endeavourers. At 7 o'clock immense crowds

were turned away to five large overflow meetings. From this time on that was the rule ; and hall committee, ushers and Convention officers had their hands more than full.

This was International Night. Yellow-skinned Chinese were represented among the speakers by the side of their late enemy, the little brown men of Japan. With the coal-black representative of Southern India, the fair maidens from England and Scotland, the sunburnt Australian and the frozen Alaskan—the white, the black, the red, the yellow and the brown—all gave their personal testimony to the universality of the work of Christian Endeavour. From the time of the singing of "The Home Land" to the pronouncing of the benediction there was a sense of kinship pervading the whole assemblage that made everyone feel that on earth, as well as in Heaven, there was no colour line drawn.

President Clark was in the chair, and began the meeting a little ahead of the advertised time. When the crowd had collected in sufficient numbers Mr. J. M. Robinson, of Oakland, musical director, started the praise service, which lasted for nearly an hour. During this pleasing service, the director, by special request, sang "The Home Land" with much acceptance, repeating the last verse in response to an *encore*. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Sydney Gulick, Osaka, Japan. He read Ephesians 6: 10-16, and offered up an earnest prayer.

The first speaker introduced was the Rev. K. Inazawa, Japan. On account of his queer delivery I was unable to make out what he said ; but, as reported, he told how Christianity had opened the doors of Japan and brought her out of her seclusion until now the hand of the Old World was joined with the New, and the dominion of the Supreme Master had advanced with the progress of civilization. Christianity was slowly yet steadily gaining ground in the Sunrise Empire, and was acting as a rising force to push back the bar of isolation.

In introducing the next speaker, President Clark said :—



"A few weeks ago when I was in India, everywhere I went I saw that the Spirit of God had been in that place, working very largely through the instrumentality of a certain evangelist whom God had raised up and greatly blessed in his work among the churches. This evangelist, I am delighted to tell you, we have with us to-night, the Tamil Evangelist David, as he is familiarly known, our representative from India."

This speaker was received with prolonged cheering and the Chautauqua salute. He spoke of his early work in the ministry in India at first; then, further on, said:—"Just two years ago, when I dwelt upon this all-important subject, 'the life more abundant,' the Lord raised many, many thousands of souls among Christians. Within three months of our work there 10,000 people were converted; and out of those 10,000, thirty-six evangelists without any money, voluntary workers, started to go anywhere and everywhere for the Lord."

The Rev. Jee Gam, of China, who followed, was the only speaker who did not appear in European costume; he was dressed in Oriental garb, queue and all. He pled for a deeper interest in his own dearly-loved land. He said that in China Christian ideas were rapidly tearing down the ignorant conservatism that found expression thousands of years ago in the famous wall that was built around the country.

Miss Harriet Green, an earnest-faced Quaker from England, spoke for the Endeavourers of Great Britain. She said the Mother Country had watched with pride, and perhaps a little envy, the growth of the Christian Endeavour Society in America. "The mother is always slower than the children," she said. "It certainly is so with England. While the Englishman is thinking what he will do, the American has already done it." She made a strong appeal for further work among the countries lying in heathen darkness, and showed how grave was the need of help in China, India and Africa.

Dr. B. K. Wilbur, of Alaska, spoke of the great need of missionary work in the territory in which he lives. He said that Alaska was a neglected country, and urged Endeavourers in the United States to give all the assistance possible to him and his fellow-workers.

The Rev. J. S. Conning, editor of *The Endeavour Herald*, was introduced as the representative from Canada, and the Chautauqua salute was given twice before he could begin his address. He spoke rapidly and fluently, and was repeatedly interrupted with applause. He greeted the audience in the name of 200,000 Canadian Christian Endeavourers. He gave vent to a patriotic utterance regarding the Queen, and at the mention of her name the audience rose and cheered. He was proud that his land was President Clark's birthplace. "If the United States," said he, "can point to Williston Church, Canada can point to Cherry Cottage; and we would rather have the cottage." Canada had the largest society of Christian Endeavour in the world.

At the close of his excellent patriotic address, the choir began the opening lines of "God Save the Queen," which was taken up heartily by the audience. One verse was sung, and then the first verse of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and both were rendered in excellent style and perfect unison.

Mr. L. A. Dickey, a young lawyer from Hawaii, represented the sea-girt isles. After delivering a brief address, he introduced Mr. D. L. Naone, a native Hawaiian and the first president of the first Christian Endeavour Society established there. This gentleman sang a Hawaiian song, which was received with great applause, and then gave the Hawaiian greeting—"Aloha Oe Oko."

Australia's representative, the Rev. Silas Mead, was next introduced. He told of the progress of Christian Endeavour work in Australasia. He said that societies were increasing rapidly and accomplishing a great deal of good.

President Clark regretted the absence of Mr. Robert Somerville, who was to have spoken for Scotland. But as he presented Mr. Somerville's sister, the audience accorded her the Chautauqua salute, which she acknowledged with a modest bow, but declined to speak.

As a pleasant and appropriate conclusion to the fellowship greetings and the international symposium, "America" and "God Save the Queen" were heartily sung by the multitude.

The Rev. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, was to have given the closing address, but he could not be present. President Clark introduced as his substitute the person who is behind "Nashville, '98," the Rev. Ira Landrith, who delivered an address that for wit and sturdy common-sense it would be hard to surpass.

Mr. Landrith said that his city had just entertained from 50,000 to 75,000 strangers, and had done it well. It could do it again. He told the story of a dog that climbed a tree because a bear was after him. "But a dog can't climb a tree." "Ah! but that dog *had to*." On this principle Mr. Landrith knew he couldn't take Mr. Conwell's place; but a Baer was after him, and he *had to*! He told about an eminent Southern Methodist minister who, deploring the Epworth League separation from Christian Endeavour, said:—"Our mistake was that we did not stop to remember that great reforms must be accomplished by great multitudes; and that Christian Endeavour, with the co-operation of Methodists and others, would soon have been a power, as by-and-by it must be without us, which will be so tremendous as to be irresistible." Here are a few more sentences from Mr. Landrith's speech:—"Let us elevate the ballot-box until people will not smile, but hiss, when the suggestion is made that an American citizen is ever for sale. . . . I believe Christian Endeavour ought to stand for good laws and the enforcement of them. . . . To Chicago we owe some good things, because, after all, some good things can

come out of Nazareth. To Chicago we owe this new definition of a dude:—"He is the unimportant appendage to the damp end of a cigarette." He said that Christians had prayed for years that they might be brought closer to one another, and at last had discovered that the object could be reached by all drawing closer to God.

After Mr. Landrith's address, the audience sang—"Blest Be the Tie that Binds."

The Mizpah benediction brought this very profitable and inspiring session to a close.

That same evening a splendid meeting was held in Woodward's Pavilion, where the banner was presented by the Rev. Canon J. B. Richardson, of London, Ontario, to Philadelphia, for the best work in promoting fellowship by organizing the largest number of Christian Endeavour societies.

Overflow meetings were also held in the Oddfellows' Hall, the First Congregational Church, the Calvary Presbyterian Church, the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, and a great outdoor meeting in front of the Mechanics' Pavilion.

#### JULY 10.

The Convention was fortunate in securing as lecturer for its daily Bible study Professor Herbert L. Willett, of Chicago. Large audiences greeted Mr. Willett at each session, and much interest was manifested in the addresses, four in number, all delivered in the Central M.E. Church at 8.30 a.m., on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. I attended this morning's lecture. The topic was:—"Philippians: A Message of Joy in the Midst of Adversity." It was an excellent exposition.

I was also present at the forenoon meeting in the Mechanics' Pavilion. Two features which entered into the great success of this session were the varied and practical character of the programme and the genius of the presiding

officer. The Pavilion was crowded. The Chairman was the Rev. James L. Hill, D.D., of Salem, Mass. He was most happy in his pithy introductions and in his direction of the symposia. Mr. W. C. Stadtfeld, of San Francisco, had charge of the musical parts of the programme, and the singing was spirited. The Rev. Dwight C. Hanna, of Springfield, Illinois, conducted the devotional exercises with psalm and prayer.

The first speaker was Mr. Giles Kellogg, of San Diego, California, whose topic was—"The Floating Societies of Christian Endeavour." He made a clear and helpful presentation of the work of these societies. He said that England had 500,000 men of the merchant ships alone passing to and fro over the globe. There was a chance here for the spread of the Kingdom that they did not fully realize. Would they of the inland hold the hands of those who were standing for the Lord in the port service? he asked, in closing.

Dr. Blakesley Little and his sister, Miss Little, of Palo Alto, California, sang the duet—"Whiter than Snow." This was so much enjoyed that they repeated it.

Then followed one of the most interesting half-hours of the whole Convention, in which the State Secretaries spoke in symposium upon the topic—"How Can We Make the Committee Work in Our Local Societies More Effective?" The following are the main thoughts of the different speakers:—"Plan to do the work, and plan to see to it that Jesus Christ is the foundation of it all, because you love Him, and then *your* work will be well done." "Strongly emphasize the thought that no work is unimportant that has God back of it." "The questions sent to each society to be answered and returned to the State Secretary give an idea of what should be done by the committees, and serve as an impetus for better work for the Master." "Open and close the committee meetings always with prayer." A Vermont

secretary said that each County Convention offered a banner for the best set of monthly committee reports from any society within its borders, and that the State Convention offered a banner to the local union that presented the best set of written reports from any society within its bounds. "Emphasize the executive committee meeting," said Professor Amos R. Wells. "A society without regular executive committee meetings is like a train without a schedule."

Miss Lida Clinch sang "Jerusalem" with fine effect, and the audience responded to the rendition with hearty applause.

The Chairman emphasized the importance of the work which the trustees of the United Society were doing, and the value of the suggestions that they might offer. As he introduced these leaders in Christian Endeavour, each trustee was given the Chautauqua salute.

*Practical Suggestions by the Trustees.*

Rev. William Patterson, of Toronto: "Christian Endeavourers, I think it is essential to have a leader who will announce the hymns, and any portion of Scripture that may be read, so that all can hear. In our societies there is another thought—that we ought to open the meeting and close the meeting on time. One thing we have found very helpful, and that is to have an intermission, and to have that ten minutes before the meeting closed. And in large districts, have the society meet on a week-night. Have that night as sacred as the weekly prayer-meeting; let nothing interfere with it. Have a young man as president; a young lady as vice-president."

Rev. W. H. McMillan, D.D., of Allegheny: "I think the Prayer-Meeting Committee has a great deal to do in the direction of encouraging the timid ones, giving them suggestions as to some part that they might take; and, when they are persuaded to come forward to the discharge of their duty, give them a word of encouragement."

Rev. M. Rhodes, D.D., of St. Louis: "I think that one of the very effective things of our great movement is the power of testimony. It is God's ordination that the voice of testimony to His existence shall never cease to be heard throughout the whole world."

Bishop Samuel Fallows, D.D., of Chicago: "Simply try to keep as sweet as possible in all the work of Christian Endeavour, and take as your motto, 'To provoke to love and good works.'"

Rev. W. J. Darby, D.D., of Evansville, Ind.: "Give unceasing attention to the circulation of good literature—literature that is solid, pure, wholesome, uplifting and inspiring—literature that will enter into your own nature for solid results, and will furnish you a solid foundation on which to build a Christian character."

Rev. E. R. Dille, of San Francisco: "You have poured a mighty torrent here, like Niagara and the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, enough to start a great dynamo of enthusiasm. And the practical suggestion I have is, What good is a dynamo unless it is hitched on to something? I trust that this great consecration which begins in this grand Convention is not to end here, but that this mighty power is to be hitched on to all our activities. . . . Let this enthusiasm be carried out into every department of church life and work."

Rev. M. M. Binford, of Richmond, Ind.: "Christian Endeavour has succeeded in abolishing two things—First, the idea that all good children die young; second, the kind of piety that made good children die young. It has substituted for that conception of Christian life a recognition of the fact that young people can be as sincere, and that their religious capacities are as great, as those of older people. . . . Christian Endeavour has succeeded in abolishing the narrowness of religious life. . . . It has also been effective with us in the Church in the intensifying of the missionary zeal."



Bishop B. W. Arnett, Wilberforce, Ohio : " I have only this suggestion to offer you as Christian Endeavourers. First, let us be true to our Bible. Second, let us inculcate denominational loyalty. Third, let us have personal consecration to the great work that is before us."

When the Chairman presented President Clark, the multitude arose *en masse* to greet him. He said :—" We ought to pray for the open ear, the open eye, and the open mind, so that the very best things that come along shall be grasped by us for the development of our society. Two things I would say : First, keep out of ruts. There are new developments every year ; better ways of doing old things, better ways of keeping our society's life fresh ; and it may be a better way simply because it is a new way and has not been tried one thousand times before. Try some of the new committees. . . . Another thing is this : Not only keep out of the ruts, but keep in the ruts. . . . The principles of Christian Endeavour we can never depart from safely. The idea involved in our covenants, in our pledge, in our consecration meetings—these things are absolutely essential to a Christian Endeavour Society. . . . In all my experience of sixteen years I have never known a society to fail, except some that have been destroyed by ecclesiastical authority, that lived up to the prayer-meeting pledge. . . . Keep to the pledge. Make every effort to live up to the pledge and the consecration meeting, and you will succeed. . . . Keep in the ruts in regard to fundamental principles."

At this point Dr. Hill introduced a feature which proved to be fruitful in suggestion. He first asked those persons in the company who were connected with the Sunday School, either as pupils or as teachers or as committee workers, to rise, and the majority of the audience stood up. " That is a beautiful sight," he remarked. Then he called upon all those who were interested in missionary work to stand, and nearly the entire audience responded. " That is good—we are rising," he said. " Now, we want to hear from anyone who

has a thought to contribute to the good of the society. . . . Give us your methods that have been most effective in your own society. Speak right up, anybody."

Thirty-seven delegates took part promptly in the very interesting open parliament which followed, telling principally how money was raised in their societies for home and foreign missionary purposes ; a few also spoke about the work being done along Temperance lines and kindred themes.

After a delegate had spoken about the efforts made by his society against the saloons and in gaining converts to total abstinence, the Chairman said :—"Right here I want to ask that as many persons as are committed in their personal lives to abstinence from intoxicants, and so far as they have opportunity are working individually and through their societies against the saloon, will manifest it by rising." Again nearly the entire audience stood up; perhaps a hundred or so retained their seats. A man in the seat in front of me sat still with bowed head.

I was much pleased at the taking of this vote and the very hearty response ; I did not expect to see so many stand up. May God bless all these Christian Temperance workers in all their efforts to reform !

That Dr. Hill might see the persons who rose in this bright open parliament, he insisted on their giving him the Chautauqua salute. This they sometimes did with considerable vigour before catching his eye.

The treasurer of the United Society, Mr. William Shaw, then gave an address on "The United Society of Christian Endeavour: What It Is, and How It Works," in which he cleared away many misconceptions regarding the office and practical value of this society. "The United Society," he said, "is a providential development of the Christian Endeavour movement. It came not by the will of man, but by the purpose of God. . . . As the knowledge of the success attending the work of the first societies was spread abroad by newspaper reports, and in other ways, requests for

information came by the score, and then by the hundreds, to Dr. Clark and others of the early friends of the movement, and leaflets and letters were sent in reply, at their own expense. They were all busy men, and the burden of correspondence became so great that they were unable to bear it longer. So, in 1885, the United Society of Christian Endeavour was incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, and the next year its headquarters were established in Boston, and the society was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. . . . The purpose of the corporation is 'to promote earnest Christianity amongst the young people, and to make them more useful in the service of God.' . . . The expenses of the United Society have ranged from \$2,000 to \$18,000 a-year. The average for the last eight years has been about \$13,000. The first four years the funds were furnished by the voluntary contribution of the societies and friends of the cause, but from the beginning the trustees had for their ideal a self-supporting organization. This ideal was realized in 1889, and since that date the United Society has received no contributions from local societies or unions. Through the co-operation and help of *The Golden Rule*, a printing department was opened; and by the receipts from this department, and the sale of our badges and other publications, we have been able to meet all our expenses. . . . What have been some of the fruits of the twelve years of work performed by the United Society? In 1885 there were reported 253 societies; 1886, 850; 1887, 2,314; 1888, 4,879; 1889, 7,672; 1890, 11,013; 1891, 16,274; 1892, 21,080; 1893, 26,284; 1894, 33,720; 1895, 41,229; 1896, 46,125; 1897, 50,700, with a membership of 3,000,000. In 1885 the movement was confined almost wholly to the Eastern States; to-day it belts the globe. Then only a few of the denominations were represented; to-day more than forty are included in our fellowship."

The session closed one-half hour earlier than usual that the delegates might attend the open-air demonstrations on

Van Ness Avenue in the interest of patriotism. At Dr. Hill's request the audience left the Pavilion singing "At the Cross," carrying the words and melody into the streets and avenues adjoining. The effect was striking.

"Christian Endeavour enthusiasm welled up and bubbled over at the meeting at Woodward's Pavilion that morning," so said a San Francisco newspaper. The session was a very profitable one. The Mother's Society was ably advocated by President Bickford, of Maine. The State Presidents had a good time over their symposium on interesting the pastors and churches in the organization of Junior and Intermediate societies.

The open air patriotic meetings on the broad Van Ness Avenue were grand successes; many thousands swarmed around the four low stands, each of which was a square apart and decked with Convention colours. But whilst these meetings were taking place I was kept busy for about five or six hours looking after a valise which was checked through in Toronto. Hundreds of delegates were similarly employed. Piles of trunks and valises awaited identification at the different baggage offices, but particularly at the office at the foot of Market Street, where the Southern Pacific Railway handed the baggage over to the Pacific Transfer Company as it arrived. This company had a task of unusual magnitude to find the owners of the baggage and deliver it to them. For this purpose it employed other express companies as well as draymen and private expressmen, who were kept working night and day blocking and listing and delivering the baggage. One cause of delay in delivery was due to the travelling public. In many cases passengers lost their checks, and in others they were robbed of them. In such cases, when the baggage could be identified by its owners, it was handed over to them. The delivery of the baggage was the most annoying feature of the whole Convention; the traffic greatly exceeded the calculations of the

railway authorities. I found half-a-dozen of the Canadians looking after their baggage at the same time as myself, and finding it after considerable trouble. After a long and anxious search, I at length espied my valise, got the check taken off, and carried it to my room, much relieved.

In the evening I was present at the Canadian Rally in the Westminster Presbyterian Church, which was filled with the Endeavourers and friends, quite a number of whom belonged to San Francisco and neighbouring cities. The Canadian delegates present numbered 208. It was a splendid rally. Four excellent speeches were made. The Rev. A. Gandier, of Halifax, spoke for the Maritime Union; the Rev. C.W. Finch, of Cookstown, for Quebec; the Rev. Robert Johnston, of London, for Ontario; and the Rev. Mr. Dodds, of Rossland, for British Columbia and the Northwest. Each address was appropriate, bright and pithy. High-class music, rendered by some of the San Francisco entertainers, helped to vary the programme. At the close, icecream and cakes were served to the guests, and a very happy time spent in friendly intercourse. Though the weather had been good during the day, yet at night it was stormy and foggy; I felt the need of my overcoat.

#### JULY 11.

I attended the "Chalk Talk" at 8.30 a.m. in the First United Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Robert F. V. Pierce, of Philadelphia, whose daily talks attracted crowds of delegates and children. He spoke in simple, earnest words, pressing home his truths by means of picture after picture, which he sketched on a large paper pad on an easel. The place, for the time being, became a daily Normal Art School; every hour spent there was profitable. That morning his subject was—"Children's Meetings and How to Make Them Interesting." He advised his hearers to reach the heart of the people through their children; then dwelt upon the importance of a child's choice, which he

illustrated by forming a spider's web, a flower-pot and a honey-bee, the last named with its face towards the flower-pot, in which it got all it needed. A thin candle, only a fraction of an inch thick, stood for a life rapidly going out. It burned down while Mr. Pierce was talking. Yet its last flicker could light a young candle that had many hours to burn. "The place of all others," said Mr. Pierce, "to make missionaries and workers for missions is in our Sunday Schools and young people's societies." Mr. Pierce urged that chalk-talkers should always give the bad side first, and talk about the good last. To illustrate, he drew a heart, and transformed it with a few touches into a laughing face. But the Devil could change that into an unclean heart, filled with evil passions. God, however, does not leave us to the mercy of Satan. Christ is standing at the heart-door. He is ready to take away all the marks of evil, if we only open the door to Him. Mr. Pierce told the story of a Sunday School superintendent who said one Sunday that he wanted some boy to make a locomotive of himself, hitch on to some other boy, and bring him to the school. Next Sunday one boy burst in right in the midst of the opening exercises, shuffled up the aisle, puffing "Choo-choo-choo-choo," and after him thirteen new boys, holding on to one another's coats. Stopping before the astonished superintendent, the boy said:—"There's my train of cars, sir!" Boys want something to do in our Sunday Schools. Instead of checking a child in a hasty way, show the child something better. "Don't" is the worst thing in the wide world to say to a child. What children want is the word "Do." This Temperance rhyme he would have the children learn:—

" Drink no cider, brandy, wine or rum,  
Nor anything else that makes drunk come."

"My cup runneth over," Mr. Pierce would illustrate with a glass which he fills with water from a lot of little cups. One addition stands for health, another for friends, another for

food, for home, for clothes, etc. All being poured in, the cup is exactly full. But our cup of blessing should run over on to others. Moody shows how by taking a pitcher of water and pouring it all boldly into a glass tumbler. "Thou preparest a table before me," Mr. Pierce illustrated once, he said, in his church, by setting in his pulpit a table with the nicest linen and dishes, and having a long succession of Sunday scholars bring on, one at a time, plates heaped high with all kinds of good things to eat—first a plate of what grows *in* the ground, then one of what grows *on* the ground, then what grows *a little above* the ground, and so on. After enforcing the lesson of gratitude, he had the good things carried to needy persons. "A life built on Christ." The chalk talker told how sin comes down over our lives like a great box, darkening them. He drew the box. But Christ lets in the light, the light of Bethlehem's star. He drew a window. And Christ Himself enters, being the Door. He drew a door. Then came a roof and a chimney, and behold! there was a pretty little house, the "home of the soul." Two crossing walks were put in rapidly, shaded, and lo! the house was seen to be founded on a crimson cross. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness." "All other ground is sinking sand." "Other foundation can no man lay."

At the close of this most interesting talk, the lecturer appealed to his audience for volunteers to assist him in Gospel-waggon work that night. Thirty Endeavourers accompanied him in the evening, when they made a tour of the lower part of the city, doing rescue work.

Mr. Pierce delighted the workingmen, the children and the Endeavourers alike by his clever chalk-talks. He is noted for his successful work among the fallen classes. He is a graceful, easy speaker, never what can be termed eloquent, but always earnest and sympathetic. These "chalk-talks"



were a new departure in Convention proceedings, and are almost certain to be continued.

Immense audiences thronged the churches of San Francisco and vicinity that day. Ninety-one of the Protestant evangelical churches had prominent visiting clergymen filling their pulpits. Everywhere they were filled, with scarcely standing room left, even half-an-hour before the opening of the service. It was a new experience for the city, and made a deep impression on the non-churchgoing citizens. In some of the largest churches it was necessary to arrange for an overflow meeting, and in several cases three overflow services were held. The visiting clergymen all met with hearty appreciation of their sermons, but none received a more pleasing testimony of this appreciation than the Rev. Howard B. Grose, of Boston. At the close of his morning service in the First Baptist Church, a gentleman unknown to him stepped up and asked permission to pin on his coat a grateful *souvenir* of the occasion. It was a tiny gold medal bearing the Lord's Prayer, and mounted on a purple ribbon, which was fastened by an exceedingly handsome gold pin.

Those of us from the far East made a careful study of the habits of the non-religious in San Francisco, and were amazed at the way the Lord's Day was desecrated. A number of business places were open—barber shops, bakeries, groceries, restaurants, saloons, and the like; the cars were running as on week days; several people were seen playing baseball, others were whistling and singing secular tunes, a brass band was playing secular airs inside of a saloon, and the sound of billiard-playing was heard; the theatres and public places of amusement were open; and, in brief, it was everywhere manifest that the general custom was to observe Sunday as a day of pleasure rather than for holy meditation. Californians crowded the beach by thousands, wandered through the Golden Gate Park, and otherwise spent the day in search of pleasure. Not one churchgoer was seen carrying his or her Bible through the public streets; a number

of the citizens, I noticed, smiled broadly on seeing me carrying mine.

I attended the forenoon service in the First Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church, where the Rev. David McLaren, of Alexandria, Ont., Canada, preached. The Sunday School was in session when I reached the church. The superintendent called upon Mr. McLaren to speak to the children. He greeted them in the name of the Canadian Christian Endeavourers; and, in response to the call of their superintendent, the scholars stood up to send back their greetings to Canada. A book was given to one of the children for having brought a new scholar. The Rev. C. A. Anderson, pastor of the church, conducted the opening Divine exercises, as soon as the Sunday School closed. A Swedish hymn was sung to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and prayer was offered in the same language. The Rev. Mr. McLaren took as his text Mark 14: 4, last clause: "Why was this waste of the ointment made?" "In this loving act of Mary," the preacher began by saying, "we have a wordless sermon. The gift was really a precious one, and it was completely emptied at Jesus' feet. It was given from a pure and unselfish motive. She gave the best she could give to her Lord and Master. Little did she think that what she did would be preached about in San Francisco and elsewhere. Our record may be as wonderful as hers, if we choose. When Christ's record is opened, we shall see who are the great men and women." The critical spirit of Judas and the other disciples was then commented upon at length; such a spirit is often found even in the Church to-day. "Do not criticise the work of true Christians," he said; "do better, if you can, and do your Christian work promptly. Love and the service of God always stand out as something good in Christ's teachings. Interest yourselves in sending the Gospel to a world that is perishing. We need to learn two things:— (1) Our need of love to Christ; (2) As we grow in our love

to Christ, we will feel more our responsibility for the salvation of others." A Swedish hymn was sung to a familiar tune before the benediction was pronounced.

The attendance at the meeting held in the Mechanics' Pavilion in the afternoon in the interest of Sabbath Observance, at which I was present, proved the delegates' loyalty to the Lord's Day. Long before the opening of the service, the doors were closed, and no more could enter. President Clark was chairman, and made a few stirring introductory remarks.

Miss Matilda Kay, the first speaker, is the Secretary of the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance. She began by telling about a great arrest. "One Sunday noon, in one of the central cities of our country, there stood at the door of the Post Office a man; he was the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Church services were over, and to the Post Office hurried throngs of people to get their Sunday mail. Silently the man at the door handed each a card. Every man and woman looked at the card, and read:—

'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.

'Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work;

'But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God:  
in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy  
daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant.'

"The arrest had taken place. No fettered prisoners were there; no clanking of handcuffs on the captives' wrists, but swiftly and surely thought was arrested. . . .

'More ill is wrought by want of thought

Than e'er was wrought by want of heart.'

She then proceeded, in eloquent terms, to arrest the thought of her hearers as to "Woman's Part" in preserving the Lord's Day.

When she finished, several hundreds of persons in the rear and at the sides of the hall moved out because of the immense crush for fresh air, and others took their places.

"I will not impose on a speaker to introduce him while this noise lasts," remarked the Chairman. "We will sing one verse of a hymn."

Musical Director Husband caused laughter by choosing "Speed Away" as the hymn to be sung.

The voice of the Rev. W. H. G. Temple, of Seattle, Washington, was next heard upon "Modern Forms of Sabbath Desecration." It was a very stirring address. Mr. Temple made a beautiful plea for the Saturday evening preparation for the day of rest, opposing the "forcing of industry close up to the golden gate of this golden day," and described in condemnatory language the three hands that are pulling down the Lord's Day—the hand of godless rationalism, the hand of greed, and the hand of unsanctified pleasure.

A not inappropriate feature of the programme just here was a song, "Throw Out the Life-Line," by twenty uniformed policemen, known as the San Francisco Police Glee Club. The effect was most striking. The audience rose in a body and gave the silent Chautauqua salute, followed by round and round of applause. The demonstration continued until the officers of the peace returned and sang, in response, "Still, Still With Thee." Satisfaction did not reign even then; but the Chairman restored quiet by saying:—"We have been indebted to the police for many great favours, in the Pavilion, on the streets—in fact, everywhere. Never has a Convention been favoured as we have this afternoon by their singers. When California gets a Sabbath law, these guardians will help enforce it."

The Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., of New York City, then delivered a pointed and valuable address upon "The Civil Sabbath." At the outset, he remarked:—"I think if we had some hundreds of thousands of such policemen scattered through our country as those to whom we have listened, our Sabbath laws, where they exist, would be better enforced. In the absence of such officers of the law, I

believe that the best hope of becoming a bulwark against the inflowing tide of Sabbath desecration of which the speaker who has just preceded me has spoken is the living wall of human wood built by the organizations of young men and young women throughout the country pledged to Christian work and Christian reform." He then unfolded the basis on which rests the secular, as distinguished from the sacred, law of the Sabbath; the former is human in origin and authority, the latter comes direct from God. "Much bad blood," he said, "is engendered because of the failure to distinguish between the civil Sabbath and the sacred Sabbath. . . . All of our Sabbath laws now are of two characters: one forbidding labour on the first day of the week, excepting works of mercy and necessity; the other forbidding certain forms of amusement. . . . Laws forbidding labour on the Sabbath are based upon the right of every man to enjoy a day of rest; and it is the duty of the State to secure to him that right. . . . It has been scientifically determined by different lines of investigation that the strength exhausted by the day's labour is not fully renewed by the night's rest, so that those who do not observe the weekly rest-day are drawing upon their physical capital and gradually undermining their strength and shortening their lives. . . . This necessity of rest constitutes for every man his right to rest. . . . This age, as no other, needs the day of rest because of its feverish activity. . . . There are forms of amusement indulged in upon the Sabbath Day which are not by law prohibited, and which should not be by law prohibited—forms of amusement which we, as Christian Endeavourers, could not indulge in conscientiously. But if they are to be suppressed, it should be, not by law, but by an educated public opinion and a quickened popular conscience. Hence the responsibility laid upon us to exert a right example. But there are other forms of public amusement, or popular amusement, which should be prohibited by law, because

they are detrimental to popular morals. . . . Those amusements which entice the youth away from the Church, away from the Sabbath School and away from the home—which places are where morals and religion are taught—are therefore detrimental to morals, and may under our Constitution be forbidden by law—not because they are detrimental to religion, but because, being detrimental to religion, they are detrimental to morals, and morals are essential to the life of the State. . . . I think it was Hallam who said, 'A holiday Sabbath is the ally of despotism.' . . . I believe that it is in the power of these young people's organizations to transform public opinion in the United States and educate the popular conscience of the United States along any needed reform. And it is the hope and aim, the present plan, of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States to secure the co-operation of all these young people's organizations to that exact end."

After singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,"

The Rev. Robert Johnston, of London, Ont., spoke on "The Claims of God—Keep It Holy." His lofty thoughts, so nobly expressed, fittingly closed this most interesting meeting. Here are a few selected sentences:—"There never can be love of freedom without love of service to God; not liberty without God. But having God, we have liberty. . . . There are two institutions without which no nation can grow great—these are the family and the Lord's Day. . . . The Sabbath lies at the root and foundation of the religious life of the individual, the religious life of the Church, and the religious life of the nation. God, by His example, by His precept, by His command, emphasizes the thought that the Sabbath was to be kept holy unto Himself—by His example in Eden. . . . He commands us to cease from activity, to rest, to rest in God, rest in contemplation of Himself—in a word, the Sabbath is to be kept holy by looking upward, and not earthward. . . . Whatever lifts my

soul up to God, whatever opens my soul to receive God, whatever helps me to get a clearer view of my Creator's face, whatever blesses me, whatever leads me to understand myself and Him—that is Sabbath-keeping. Whatever degrades that day to common purposes, to labour and toil, and to pleasure, as we have heard—that is Sabbath desecration and Sabbath destruction. The Sabbath is to be separated from all common uses. . . . I cannot see any difference between a picnic on the trolley and the mental picnic of the museum; I cannot see any difference between the physical picnic out in the green fields and the mental picnic in the art gallery." Replying to a remark made by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Mr. Johnston said:—"My friend said that he did not want the Puritanical Sabbath. I hardly know what that was; but I do long oftentimes for the old Sabbath of the Scot hills—the boots blacked on Saturday night, the wood-box all filled, the little ones all bathed, everything done so that nothing would be left to do on Sunday; the pies baked, the roast cooked, so that even a fire might not be lit. O! I long for the old Sabbath, the day kept sacred to God, the day when the church doors were thrown open, and we listened with joy to the words of the man of God, because we had prepared ourselves to hear him." Listen to this striking peroration:—"The mighty Rockies that form the backbone of this continent are like the Sabbath Day, which is the foundation of the liberties of the world. The Sabbath Day is God's best gift to a world all too ready to become earth-worn, soiled and entirely worldly. . . . Therefore, I summon you in your churches, in your societies, to preserve this day. Do not let our churches give the Sabbath to the world. In so far as our sermons become mere lectures, in so far as our music becomes mere entertainment, and in so far as we degrade the pulpit by not preaching the blessed Gospel of Christ, and make it a place for the discussion of the ordinary topics of the day, in so far as we make the Sabbath a mere day for the entertainment of



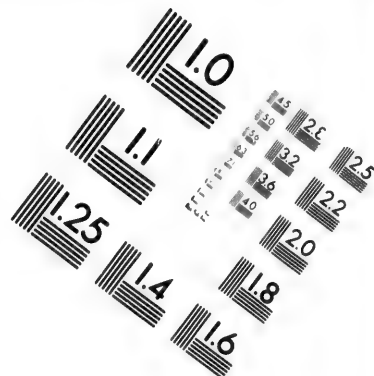
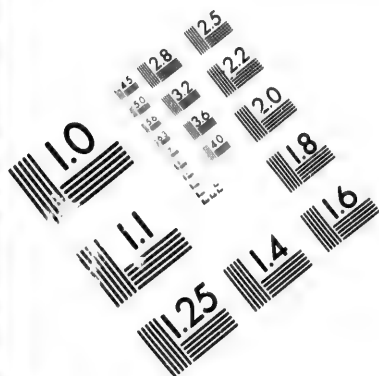
our congregations, just in so far do we give the Sabbath over to the world, and set the world an example to take it and use it for other purposes. . . . Fellow-Endeavourers, I summon you to-day, in God's name, to the defence, to the protection, to the preservation, of the Lord's Day, as a day holy, holy unto Himself."

The benediction was pronounced by President Clark.

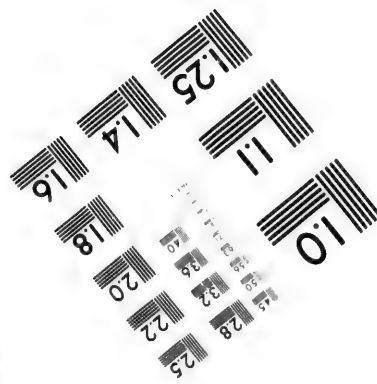
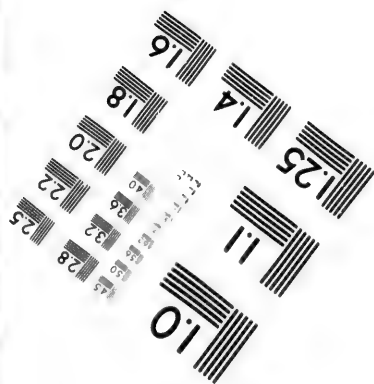
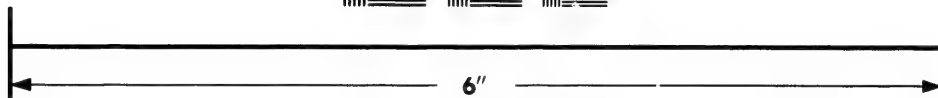
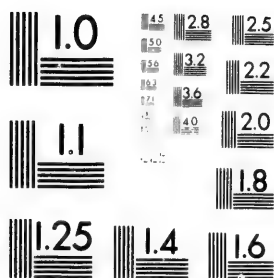
Whilst the meeting in the interest of Sabbath Observance was being conducted, three grand evangelistic services were held, filling one of the main halls and two churches—one for men, another for women, and the third for boys and girls.

The meeting for men was held in Woodward's Pavilion, and was attended by many thousands of varying ages, from youth to old age. The speakers were the Rev. Ford C. Ottman, Newark, N.J., and the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, the famous Philadelphia evangelist, who touched the hearts of their hearers as they earnestly spoke of lives being lost by dissipation and infidelity, and called upon them to anchor their drifting and storm-tossed lives in Christ Jesus. Their appeals were very personal and direct. So gracious was the work of the Holy Spirit that 150 cards were signed by those beginning there a religious life.

The meeting for women was held in the First Congregational Church. Women conducted the services and women formed the congregation, which crowded every part of the vast auditorium. Mrs. Francis E. Clark presided. Dr. Kin Eca da Silva, of Alameda, California, a Chinese woman, spoke very effectively, telling how to win the hearts of Oriental women. It is through their motherhood, which is their greatest honour, that they can be most easily reached. Western women must adopt the Oriental ideas and customs as to formalities and courtesies, no matter how much time is thereby wasted. Mrs. Victoria Earle Mathews, of New York, a most cultured coloured woman, made a stirring appeal against unjust marriage and divorce laws, against separate cars for negroes in the South, for reformatories and



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a better system of prisons in the Southern States. She said that the awakening of the Afro-American women is seen in the homes they have created and in the 243 different organizations of young coloured women throughout the United States. Miss Katherine M. Jones, of New York, connected with the Presbyterian young people's work, and Mrs. George W. Coleman, of Boston, brought the meeting to a close with two very effective addresses, pleading for self-surrender and a life of ministry.

One incident at the meeting for women must not be overlooked. A little Chinese girl with the shadow of slave life hovering over her was brought to the church by the Christian woman who had her in charge in order that Mrs. Clark might see her. But Mrs. Clark was so impressed with the horror of her being sold as a slave that she asked permission to present her to the audience. The baby-girl was placed upon the reading-desk in the sight of all as a living protest against the customs of her people. It was a living appeal also to the Christians of the land—a lesson in Home Missions, a concrete illustration of what America has to do within her own borders. "Unless this little girl is rescued," Mrs. Clark said, "she will be sold as a slave. Her life will be one of hardship and degradation. Her fate seems almost too dreadful to contemplate." Mrs. Clark's voice trembled. Hundreds of eyes filled with tears, and a thrill of horror ran through the great audience when a realization of the child's peril was fully grasped. "A prospective slave girl, and in America!" was the whispered exclamation all over the house. It was a new experience to the Eastern women; they were somewhat bewildered. It was no novelty to the Californian women; they bowed their heads in grief. Mrs. Clark went on to say:—"When Christ said: 'Go out into the world and preach the Gospel,' were not His instructions for His disciples to begin at Jerusalem? . . . Perhaps that means beginning right here in San Francisco." Her hearers were deeply moved.

Several months afterwards the girl was rescued from slavery by the Baptist Chinese Mission of Fresno.

This is no fanciful case. The Chinese in San Francisco, whilst the Convention was in session, were discovered importing several young women dressed as boys from their native country for immoral purposes. The missionaries about Chinatown believe that, of the 2,000 girls and women living there, not more than fifty are actually married. On one of the Convention nights a girl of sixteen handed a note to a patrolman reading: "Please take me to the mission at 920 Sacramento Street." As he read the missive, a Chinese woman came breathlessly up, and in broken English protested against the removal of the girl. But she was taken to the mission, where she is being cared for.

The meeting for boys and girls was attended by nearly 1,000 children, and was conducted by Secretary Baer. Wholesome talks were given by the Rev. G. F. Pentecost, of Yonkers, N.Y., and Mr. C. N. Hunt, president of the Minnesota State Union. Mr. Pentecost spoke from the words: "My son, give me thy heart"; and Mr. Hunt's subject was—"Try and be like Jesus." Both speakers commanded the closest attention. Several solos were rendered at intervals to the delight of all. At the close, Secretary Baer gave a brief address, and led the boys and girls into a consecration service.

In the evening, I was present at the short but hearty Christian Endeavour testimony meeting in the Calvary Presbyterian Church which preceded the regular church service. The church was so crowded that an overflow meeting had to be held in the Sunday Schoolroom downstairs. The church was beautifully decorated. At the back of the pulpit, conspicuously displayed, were the words—"Piety and Patriotism," in white letters on a purple background.

The Rev. Dr. Hemphill, the pastor, conducted the church services.

Bishop S. W. Fallows, of Chicago, preached from the text—I. Thessalonians 1: 5: "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." It was an eloquent plea for the authority and inspiration of the Bible.

The Rev. Robert Johnston, of London, Ontario, also spoke. The burden of his discourse was the thought that had impressed him most at this Convention—"We get too much and give too little." Christ is our Example in all things, and He "came to seek and to save that which was lost." The Holy Spirit was not given in measure to Jesus. It was in the might of the Spirit that He accomplished His work in the world. We can have the same power to do our Christian work. Reference was here made to the vile sights to be seen around Chinatown, and the only people who seemed to pity the unfortunates were the Salvation Army lassies. "That is the work," he said, "Christ would be doing if He were here. Let none of us leave San Francisco without saving some lost soul. What a magnificent Convention it would be if we save souls! That is our business. Is there one here out of Christ? Come home, and make glad the heart of Christ this night." This was an impassioned discourse, made all the more interesting and affecting by one or two appropriate anecdotes.

#### JULY 12.

I arose in time to attend the early morning prayer-meeting in the First Congregational Church, which was filled. It was an inspiring service.

When it was over, I went to the Central Methodist Church to be present at another of those helpful daily Bible studies, conducted by Professor Herbert L. Willett. The subject was:—"I. John: A Message of Light and Love." The attendance was good.

After leaving this meeting, I reached Woodward's Pavilion whilst the opening devotional exercises of the

forenoon meeting were in progress. The pavilion was only half filled. Under the careful direction of President Clark, this session proved very profitable.

"Christian Endeavour an Evangelistic Force" was the topic; but as a prelude Miss Lilian S. Mead, a young lady of twenty years, who had come all the way from Adelaide, Australia, with her father to attend the Convention, opened the meeting with a ten minutes' talk on "The World's Prayer Chain." The audience greeted her with great heartiness; but she was not well heard. She drew a comparison between the recent celebration of the Queen's Jubilee in all parts of the world and the celebration of the Christian Endeavour Society. "The light of Christian Endeavour was shining in far more lands," she said, "than the bonfires which had been kindled to celebrate the glorious reign of Britain's Queen. The bonds which bound the Queen's subjects together were those of Empire; the bonds which held the Christian Endeavourers together were those of a country ruled by Him who rules the world. Theirs was a bond to a great Queen; ours was the closer bond of those who are bound to God, the King of kings, our Father. When the Queen was leaving her palace to enter upon that splendid procession through London, she pressed an electric button that sent a message of love and gratitude through the whole world. It was not that her hand was strong enough to carry this message so far, but that she touched a mighty power that was unseen and irresistible. So it is that our individual prayer might not be of such value, but that when we pray we link ourselves on to the Arm that moves the world. The object of the World's Prayer Chain was to try and lift up the world, with all its needs, and bring it into connection with Him who rules over it, and who can bring all things to pass."

A hymn, "I'll Live For Thee," was then sung; after which,

The Rev. Charles Roads, of Chester, Pennsylvania,



discoursed on "City Evangelization Outside of the Churches." He could draw from a long practical experience in this line of work. "The churches or the cities cannot be saved," he said, "unless we work outside. From my experience, I find that the only way for the cities to be saved is for the work to be done on the outside of the church, but by workers who will lead the people into the church. Organized church people can do more to reach the unsaved than the undenominational workers. There are two classes to be found in the morally submerged in great cities—those who have always been down and those who have fallen from high places. Experience will show in a surprising manner the number who have fallen from high places. Evangelistic workers should not devote themselves wholly to the slum mission so as to withdraw from their own church activities. I could name many who have come out of the lowest depths, and are now modestly but efficiently serving as trustees, choir leaders, Sunday School workers and spiritual leaders in great churches." The speaker then told of the work which had been done in the city of Philadelphia; how they had held weekly meetings in street-car sheds, prisons, factories, and on street-corners and Gospel waggon, with great success. This could be done in every city, he said; but it needed organized work. It could be done by the Christian Endeavour Societies, which were thoroughly organized and stood for comprehensive evangelism. "We will be inspired to do some really effective Christian citizenship work when we once come to see the awful worthlessness of our city government in darkest quarters," he concluded. "City evangelism will become an earthquake under the City Hall. The Law and the Gospel will join hands to save the city in the spirit of Robert Ross and Dwight L. Moody united. . . . Lift up the standard, then, with city evangelism, Christlike and comprehensive:—(1) By the churches and toward the churches. (2) In every open place preach Christ. (3) Give

us parish responsibility. (4) Every man, woman and child in the city for Christ. (5) The local church evangelistic and warm. The city must be saved. It can be saved. The vision of holy cities is our inspiration. The forces of Christ are adequate in any city to redeem it. Organize, energize by the Holy Spirit, evangelize with Pentecostal faith and power, localize every worker in a definite field, centralize results in your own church."

The hymn, "Marching On," was heartily sung; and then

That favourite Convention speaker, the Rev. J. Wilbur Charman, of Philadelphia, very appropriately followed with an address upon "Deepening the Spiritual Life Inside Our Churches." "We are living in the dispensation of the Spirit. He is the Vicar of Christ, and the life of the body, which is the Church. The lesson may be taught by contrast. That which does not grieve the Spirit deepens the spiritual life. That which is to be avoided is the cause of His being grieved. . . . We may grieve the Holy Spirit by disobedience. The command is to 'be filled with the Spirit.' If we are not, we have disobeyed, and there is a barrier raised between Him and us. We may grieve the Spirit by failing to keep our hearts clean. A new heart is not necessarily a clean heart. We may grieve the Spirit by practically denying His Word. But we grieve the Spirit more, perhaps, in matters of doctrine than anything else. We grieve Him in our lack of assurance. The Spirit of God is grieved whenever we allow our old nature to triumph over our spiritual nature; for God has promised in His Word to set us free from the law of sin and death."

There was no interruption to the natural progress of the thought of the session when at this point time was allowed for the Rev. E. L. House, of Attleboro, Massachusetts, in a stirring appeal to earnest giving, to present the banner won by the local city union reporting the best progress in systematic and proportionate giving. The banner was won by the New York City Union last year, and was presented

to it again. It was accepted on behalf of the union by Mr. Harry A. Kinports, vice-president and treasurer of the New York State Union. As he received it, the New York delegation, which had assembled over 100 strong in the gallery, arose and greeted it with a salute and sang a parody on the song, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," to the melody of that favourite. At the same time, another member of the delegation, seated on the platform, unfurled the blue banner of the State and waved it during the singing.

*Apropos* of the giving and receiving of this banner was the last address on "Some Spiritual Returns for Missionary Investments." This topic was considered by the Rev. Thomas O. Crouse, of Baltimore, who told his hearers in most emphatic language and by pointed illustration that the very development of their spiritual life depended upon the missionary investments they made. "The chief motive and the supreme and undying inspiration to world-wide evangelization," he said, "must be obedience to our risen Lord. The Master Missionary is our Lord Jesus Christ, and His word, 'Go ye,' is our permanent and plenary authority; His word settles the obligation. If no other reason could be given for the aggressive work to which we are being called to-day, this would be enough. But this utilitarian age is likely to ask concerning any enterprise in which it is invited to invest: 'Does it pay? Will our investment yield any returns?' . . . To such an inquiry it may be sufficient to reply, as Dr. Pearson suggests: 'It always pays to obey authority, especially when that authority is supreme.' But there is a sense in which this question is a lawful one. On one occasion, you will remember, the disciples asked: 'Master, we have left all and followed thee; what shall we have therefor?' Some may cry out against their question as a selfish one; many say that it betrays the spirit of the hireling. Our Lord, however, did not rebuke it. He answered them: 'Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or kindred, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold in this life, and

in the world to come life everlasting.' . . . Missionary investments yield a sure return in the development and enrichment of character. The man who seeks to cherish and develop a higher spirituality and a manly Christian character by private devotions and by attendance upon religious meetings alone is making a fatal mistake. A vigorous and symmetrical piety is not the product of the cloister. Growth is not simply a matter of taking in, but of giving out. The act of respiration, by which our life is sustained, is a twofold process—inhaling and exhaling ; the one as important as the other. Money grows by wise investment, not by miserly hoarding. ' There is that scattereth and yet increaseth ; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat ; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.' This law is nowhere more sure and imperative in its operation than in the realm of the spiritual life. . . . Missionary investments yield a rich return of truest spiritual joy. Only as we go or help others to go preaching everywhere the Gospel of the Kingdom are we obeying the word of our Saviour ; and the sure recompense of this work for Him is closer fellowship with Him and deeper draughts of His own peculiar joy. No man can expect to taste the deepest joy of salvation, to behold the face of his Lord, and hear His approving voice, if he is content to sit down in solitary meditation and selfish concern for his own soul, caring not for the starving world that unconsciously, but none the less truly, pleads for the Bread of Life. The man who sits down to enjoy his religion, satisfied with the ecstasies of devotion, will soon find his joy expiring. The ' delightful services ' of the prayer-meeting have been a failure, so far as you are concerned, if they have not impelled and fitted you for service. The perfection of the fruit of your service is not its size, but its flavour. Someone has said : ' Though Noah could not boast of many converts for his long years of preaching, he could at least enter the Ark with a clear conscience and the happy sense

of duty done.' . . . The spirit of missions is the spirit of Christ, and, like purging fire, it consumes pride, prejudice, personal ambition, greed and apathy, and fuses the heart of the Church into blessed unity. The Church of Jesus Christ stands to-day facing the awful darkness of heathendom and the spiritual destitution of even much of so-called Christian territory, and she can have only one object in view : to obey her marching orders, to publish the Gospel to 'the uttermost parts of the earth,' and to achieve a victory for the Captain of her salvation."

The meeting was brought to a close with the singing of "Nearer, My God, To Thee," and the pronouncing of the benediction.

The forenoon session at the Mechanics' Pavilion was devoted to missions, and the vast auditorium was completely filled. The claims of the Tenth Legion were presented in an able address by Mr. Amos R. Wells, of Boston, managing editor of *The Christian Endeavour World*; Dr. J. C. R. Ewing, of India, and the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, of Detroit, made strong presentations of foreign and home missions; the Rev. John R. Davies, of New York, pleaded with the eloquence of a deep earnestness for systematic and proportionate giving to God; the unrolling of the great missionary roll of honour took place, which contained the names of 10,500 societies, the contributions from which aggregated over \$200,000 for the cause of missions; thirty visiting missionaries from all parts of the world were introduced to the applauding company; and, just before closing, California's noble Committee of '97 passed in line along the platform, each one shaking hands with Secretary Baer, who presented them with a banner from the United Society, emblazoned in Convention colours, but, as he expressed his grateful appreciation of the treatment accorded and the substantial aid given by the members of this Committee, tears came into his eyes, his voice faltered, and he was compelled to stop suddenly, overcome by emotion. A great

many in the audience were also affected by the remembrance of the kindness shown them during that memorable Convention week. It was an impressive scene.

A "Practical School of Christian Endeavour Methods and Ways of Working" was held in Woodward's Pavilion in the afternoon, when the work of the different committees was thoroughly discussed by means of open parliaments. Secretary Baer led the meeting, which was greatly enjoyed by all present. Nothing of the kind had ever been tried before at an International Convention. The closing remarks by Mr. Charles T. Studd, of London, England, on "The Source of All Power for Service," were delivered in the midst of a quiet hush, making it a most solemn hour. A great company arose in response to his invitation to submit themselves to the power of the Spirit, yielding everything to God.

The Junior Rally took place in the Mechanics' Pavilion at the same time as that afternoon meeting in Woodward's Pavilion—2.30. Anticipating a great crush, I took my seat an hour and a-half beforehand, when the Pavilion was nearly half filled. By the time of opening, every bit of standing-room was utilized, and thousands were unable to gain admission. At no session, save possibly the closing consecration meeting, was the Pavilion so crowded. The audience reached from the doors far out into the corridors.

The centre of the hall was occupied by the Juniors, who turned out fully 5,000 strong. And a cosmopolitan gathering it was. There were scores of Chinese, representatives of the original inhabitants of America, and hundreds upon hundreds of coloured and white children. The little people were full of enthusiasm, and ready to clap hands, wave handkerchiefs, sing, cheer, or do anything else that was required of them.

The immense platform was adorned to represent a garden, and was loaded with beautiful plants and flowers

from California's profuse gardens. The Rev. J. H. Bomberger, of Columbiana, Ohio, presided. The exercises opened with the usual praise service, under the direction of the Rev. John Rea, of Oakland. "Our Junior Band," "Onward, O Junior Endeavourers," "Anywhere With Jesus," and "Bringing in the Sheaves," were spiritedly sung by the boys and girls.

After the devotional exercises, a lengthy and loving telegram of greeting was read from the Juniors of the State of Connecticut, more than 3,000 miles distant.

Much applause greeted the members of the Chinese delegation as they took their places on the platform, and when, later on, the Chinese quartette, four boys from the Presbyterian Mission, came forward and sang, the enthusiasm of the Juniors was so great that they had to appear a second time and repeat their charming selection.

When Mrs. Francis E. Clark rose to speak, she was received by an outburst of childish cheers and handkerchief-waving that could not but gladden her heart. "I thank you, boys and girls, from the bottom of my heart for this greeting," she said. "It is the prettiest greeting I have had since my return home. I want you to think of me as one who is merely a messenger. I bring you greetings from all over the world—from Salt Lake City, from Boston, from across the waters in England, from Germany, from Italy, from China, from Japan, and from countries of which some of you have never heard. If these people could be here, they would greet you in a manner that would be peculiar and strange, but none the less hearty and true. Some of them would appear clad in fine raiment, while some would come wearing no clothing at all. Some of them would shake hands with themselves, some of them would rub their brown noses against yours; but, whatever their greeting, it would be honest and sincere. Now, my greeting to you is that you help other boys and girls in other lands to lead a Christian life."



The Junior Chinese Christian Endeavour Choir from the Presbyterian Mission, about twenty altogether, the members ranging in age apparently from four to twelve years, in its own original way then rendered a Christian song. Four little tots were stationed in front, who joined in the chorus with the same vim as their elders, and very sweetly sang alone, holding lighted candles :

" Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,  
Like a little candle burning in the night ;  
In this world of darkness, we must shine—  
You in your small corner, and I in mine."

This was one of the prettiest, and, at the same time, one of the most pathetic sights of the entire Convention. This feature was followed by a recitation. Then the smallest one voiced a patriotic verse which ended with the words—"Hurrah for these United States!"

Uproarious applause from the Junior audience greeted these efforts.

The hymn, "Sunshine in the Soul," was next sung by the multitude ; and the fresh, youthful voices blended prettily with those of their elders.

The Rev. Robert F. Y. Pierce, of Philadelphia, then gave a most delightful chalk-talk to the children upon "The Song of the Heart." He spoke in simple language, sketching as he talked, with crayon upon large sheets of paper, pictures illustrative of the truths he sought to convey. He began by drawing a circle, which he called a picture of the Junior Endeavour Society. Then by a few dexterous strokes he changed it to a wheel, with the Cross of Christ as the hub. He asked all the Juniors who would promise to be good spokes in the Junior wheel to hold up their hands, and there was a large and ready response. Two candles were shown—one a common affair, the other covered with gilt ; but it appeared that they gave equal amounts of light. Another pair of candles was brought out—one very large, the other very small ; but, when both were lighted, it was discovered

that the little one gave the bigger light. "Ragged Jim" followed—a very disreputable candle, all broken and crooked and dirty. But he was lighted by a missionary candle, and straightened up, and cleaned off, and lo! he was as good as anyone. Mr. Pierce said that flowers brought messages of love and faith and hope direct from God. In their beauty they spoke as though they had voices. A field of daisies was accordingly sketched, and he named each one after the different graces that should be cultivated in youthful hearts. He called one of them "Daisy Hope," another "Daisy Joy," another "Daisy Love," and the next two "Mercy" and "Charity." Changing the theme, he said that when he was a small boy he was accustomed to put his ear against the telegraph poles to try to hear the messages that passed over the wires. He then drew, with the daisy field as a background, a number of poles and wires, over which, he said, the messages from God would not fail to come if they would but open their hearts to receive them. It soon appeared that the poles were bars of music, the wires the lines, and the daisies the notes. Around the whole he drew the outline of a heart, and told his hearers that within their hearts should be nurtured all that he had shown them within the picture. From a beautiful sheaf of rye, he drew out a whisky bottle, to illustrate the bad use of good things. He showed by pouring it over an egg in a bottle how alcohol "cooks" the egg-like substance of the brain. But something better comes out of the rye. So he pulled from the sheaf a loaf of bread. He broke off a piece and ate it with relish. "How many of you children would rather have the rye bread than the whisky?" In response to the torrent of "I's," the lecturer broke off bits of bread, and threw them here and there among the laughing children. A great Y was next drawn, the left side representing the broad way, and the right side the narrow way. He drew hands from the two arms, pointing in opposite directions. At the dividing of the way they must choose, "Remember thy Creator in the

days of thy youth." On the left was drawn a stormy sea, a wrecked ship. On the right was drawn a peaceful sea, a lighthouse with the light flashing from it, ships sailing safely (and some of them very little ships)—the birds flying cheerily over all. He made the lighthouse red. He transformed it into a scarlet cross. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Mr. Pierce held the close attention of the immense gathering, and at the conclusion of his address received the Chautauqua salute and three rousing cheers.

The main feature of the rally followed. It was an exercise by San Francisco Juniors, entitled "The Junior Garden." The words are by Mr. Amos R. Wells, and the music was composed by Mr. Charles S. Brown, both gentlemen hailing from Boston. The effect of the vari-coloured costumes and profusion of flowers was very beautiful. The outline of the exercise, presented under the direction of Miss Myrtle Simpson, was as follows:—*Christian Endeavour*, represented by Miss Lottie J. Graeber, shows her Junior garden to two new members of the society, Miss Florence Graeber and Master Cass Downing. Their curiosity being aroused as to what is done in the garden, *Christian Endeavour* promises to show them. Several hundred boys and girls, dressed for the different parts which they assumed, then showed by the facility with which they took their places and their excellence in participation that they had for months been under careful training. First nine boys with spades marched in and sang a song in which the words "Dig, dig, dig," formed the refrain. They dug up the ground as they sang, and the spades moved in harmony with the words. The sowers, twelve little girls dressed in white and gold, then came into the garden pretending to scatter seed as they sang of "may-I-help-you seed," "thank-you seed," and "laughter seed." These were followed by twelve boys with watering-cans and wearing green sashes, who sang a rain song. The sunshine girls came next, twelve coloured girls dressed in white and yellow, carrying

gilt suns in their hands and singing of the sunshine. Weeds were then discovered in the garden; and a corps of weeders, twelve boys carrying hoes, went through the movements of removing obnoxious growths, as "Obstinacy," "Laziness," "Anger," and "Hatred," from the pretty garden, accompanying their work with song. Then the flowers began to appear. First came the lilies, twelve little girls in white, carrying bunches of that flower; then twelve more girls in white and purple, carrying violets; then eighteen girls in yellow, wearing great bunches of poppies; and then twelve girls in white, with pink sashes, carrying bouquets of roses. Each group sang an appropriate chorus, marching as it sang. *Christian Endeavour* then asked the flowers to greet the two new members, and this was done by the rendering of a chorus of welcome participated in by all. A grand march followed, full of intricate movements.

Three cheers and the Chautauqua salute were heartily given by the audience for the authors of this exceedingly pretty exercise; after which,

President Clark introduced the first Korean Endeavourer, Ye Seung-Ku, son of the Korean Minister of Foreign Affairs, a youth of seventeen years, who had recently come to America to be educated. Miss Newton, of Foochow, China, was next presented, and she handed to President Clark a silk banner with an inscription on it in Chinese, meaning—"Come to China and help us." Miss Newton said that she offered it as a gift from the Endeavourers of that part of the world to the United Society, and President Clark thanked her in the name of that organization.

A flashlight photograph was then taken of the children on the platform who had taken part in "The Junior Garden," and the annual rally of the Junior Christian Endeavourers came to an end.

Hundreds had provided themselves with lunches, and, after the Junior Rally, they were for camping out in the Pavilion in order to secure good seats for the closing con-

segregation meeting a few hours later. This was not allowed, however, and the ushers found it very difficult to clear the hall.

In accordance with a previous arrangement, I sought to enter the Mechanics' Pavilion again about 6 o'clock in order to meet with the Canadian delegation around our own booth; but guards were stationed at every door, and no one, unless an official, was then permitted to enter. The street at the main entrance was packed with thousands upon thousands of people, all desiring to gain admittance to the hall; the street-cars could only move very slowly past this point on account of the immense crowd blocking their line; many women and children fainted in the great crush, and had to be taken to the Emergency Hospital. From 3,000 to 5,000 people did not gain admission, and were accordingly very much disappointed; I was one of the unfortunate number. Side-doors were opened about 6.45, and within fifteen minutes thereafter the immense hall was thronged and the meeting could begin; so great was the crush. With a Kingston delegate whom I met in this great crowd, I stood for half-an-hour or so listening to the first speakers at the open-air overflow meeting held in front of the Pavilion. We afterwards went to a Gospel meeting in a Mission Hall on Powell Street, and heard a good discourse on John 3: 36 by a young man to an audience of two dozen, one-half of whom were men, and the other women, in working dress. We returned to the overflow meeting, which continued nearly three hours. A long line of trustees of the United Society and ministers had addressed them; and we came upon the scene whilst the leader was asking those who had been Christians twenty, fifteen, ten and five years to hold up their hands, and then inviting them to ascend the steps and tell the audience their experience. I took the opportunity of testifying in the presence of the large gathering of working-men. The interest never flagged, and many were present throughout the entire service.

But what kind of meeting had been going on inside the Pavilion? One of great interest and enthusiasm. The State delegations found their places around their banners. State cries and happy State songs at first rose in a medley, for the delegates were in a jubilant mood. Then the hymns and prayers were preparatory to the culmination. All who led the thought of the multitude were under Divine direction. President Clark took possession of the meeting. The musical director was Mr. A. M. Benham, of Oakland. As a pleasing interlude to the choral singing, the Rev. J. W. Beckett, of Baltimore, one of the coloured delegates, who possesses a powerful and rich voice, sang "Sweet Peace."

Nashville, '98, is proclaimed, and the final decision to hold the Convention of 1900 in London, England. The loud applause of the assembly showed its delighted approval.

The Rev. Dr. Dille, of San Francisco, read the well-known platform of principles of the United Society of Christian Endeavour, and the Endeavourers ratified it by three hearty "Amens."

The report of registration was then read. This year, because the influx of delegates was so much greater than was expected, the registration was confined more strictly to Endeavourers than ever before. The figures were:—Outside of California, 11,260; California, 12,694; Juniors, 2,500,—total, 26,454. Canada's delegation numbered 222; about 200 were present at this meeting. Illinois sent the largest State delegation—1,083.

No more applause; the consecration meeting was entered upon. A beautiful season of quietness settled down on the assembly. The oldest district superintendent of the American Bible Society read the Scriptures; following which came an earnest prayer from the devotional leader, the Rev. A. H. Harshaw, of Junction City, Kansas.

Then President Clark thanked the pastors, the Committee of '97, the ushers, the committees on hall and music, the policemen, the editors of local newspapers, the proprietors

of hotels with their clerks, the motormen, the porters and the conductors of street-cars for kindnesses shown. "Our hearts are overflowing with love and thanks to those who have helped to make this Convention what it has been," he added.

The Rev. George F. Pentecost, of Yonkers, N.Y., now preached the Convention sermon. Never did this honoured servant of the Most High speak more impressively. "To every man his work," was his theme. With multiplied graphic illustrations he urged upon his hearers individual responsibility for work, and the power of even small abilities when consecrated to Christ's service. "Work," he said, "is the supreme characteristic of the Christian man or woman. . . . Our Lord Jesus Christ crowded every day, and every hour, and every moment of His waking time with conscientious, sincere, exhaustive work for God. . . . The important concern with each one of us, following the footsteps of our Master, is to be about our Father's business in this world. . . . If we were realizing what is one of the desires of the Christian Endeavourers, that, instead of one-tenth of the communicants in the Christian churches being workers, nine-tenths were workers, there would be no way of estimating the vastness of the results which would accrue to the honour and glory of Jesus Christ. . . . There are Christian Endeavourers enough on this Pacific Coast, there are Christian Endeavourers enough in all our States from which representatives have come here; and if we will lift ourselves, or let God lift us, and fall again and again and again, patiently, hopefully, believingly, we will see everything in motion under the impact of a consecrated heart and a consecrated life, however small, however insignificant, that heart or that life may be, measured by our human measurement."

At the conclusion of the sermon, which held the audience in closest attention, Mr. Robert Lloyd sang "The Holy City."



The service of consecration, led by President Clark, was opened with the hymn, "I Will Tell the Wondrous Story," by the audience, which was followed by "Saved by Grace" as a solo by Dr. Beckett.

President Clark then asked for a moment of silent prayer. All heads were bowed while he repeated "Just As I Am, Without One Plea." "Be sincere," he urged upon the delegates when about to call the roll. "Though 5,000 may stand when you stand, make it your individual consecration. Speak with your hearts to-night, as well as with your lips."

The responses by the forty-five State delegations were mostly blendings of religious sentiment and State songs. Here are a few :—Colorado appropriately recited : "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Just as fitting was California's response—a verse of the hymn, "There is sunshine in my soul to day." There were present many Floating Society Endeavourers—more than have attended all other International Conventions combined; and their motto was: "Though I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me," and their appropriate hymn was: "Throw Out the Life-Line." Never before had there been present more than one delegate from Hawaii; now there were twenty. Their motto was: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and they followed this with a song in their native language. Canada responded by singing:

"From ocean unto ocean  
Our land shall own thee, Lord,"

and by reciting the words: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

At the close of the roll-call, President Clark asked various classes of workers to stand, to whom he gave suitable Scripture verses, which they repeated after him. These were the ministers, members of the Lookout, Prayer-Meeting, Missionary and Social Committees, Junior workers, and men and women. When the active members were called upon, nearly every person in the audience arose. Then all who were Christians and were in sympathy with the movement were urged to stand. Not a few souls in that moment made their first public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus. It was with hesitation that some rose, but only a very few remained seated.

After repeating the first clause of the pledge in concert :  
"Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do," all were asked to raise the right hand and say :  
"This for me ; this for me."

Then a few words of heartfelt prayer, the Mizpah benediction, the apostolic benediction, and the Sixteenth International Convention was closed, the assembled thousands pouring out into the street, singing as they went verse after verse of "At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the Light."

When the great hall was almost empty, and most of the lights were out, the ushers, many score strong, indulged in a march around the building. Up and down the long aisles they went, two by two, a jubilant procession, singing "There is sunshine in my soul to-day." Finally, they carried their march out into the neighbouring streets.

The closing meetings in Woodward's Pavilion and the Oddfellows' Hall were equally crowded, beautiful and impressive as that held in the Mechanics' Pavilion. Secretary Baer presided and led the consecration service at Woodward's Pavilion.

About midnight, a company of hundreds of "white

caps" filled the beautiful quadrangle of the Palace Hotel. President Clark, Secretary Baer and Treasurer Shaw appeared in response to their vociferous calls, and made little speeches of hearty congratulation.

That same night the Mayor of San Francisco, acting for the City Hall Commissioners, formally accepted the rotunda and finished dome of the new municipal building. This part of the building was finished in less than three years' time, and cost \$420,000. The work of construction was begun in 1872, and many interruptions had occurred. There was an enormous crowd present at the ceremony. Concerts were given both in the afternoon and evening. The interior was brilliant with lights. An official invitation was given to the visiting Endeavourers to attend this gathering; but of course the other meetings kept them from responding in a body.

#### CONVENTION NOTES.

The tone of this Convention was more practical than in the past. Indeed, the emphasis has been laid upon it as a Workers' Convention. Besides the prayer-meetings on the trains, bright song services at wayside stations *en route*, and evangelistic meetings on Convention Sabbath, Gospel services were held every day at noon in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium, in the Chamber of Commerce, in the Emporium, in the public squares, at the water-front, at the Builders' Exchange, in Gospel waggons, in railway cars—in short, everywhere throughout the city where men could be gathered. These were addressed by the best Convention speakers, and were well attended. The music was a feature of each service. So long as their hour of rest lasted, the workingmen remained within sound of the speakers and the songs. Many gave up their dinners to attend. Many requests for prayers were made; many desired to begin the Christian life; many a cold-grown

Christian sought to know how he might find peace and life once more.

Excepting on Saturday, a "Quiet Hour" was set apart each afternoon in the Calvary Presbyterian Church to review the day and prepare for the evening feast. These meetings, save that on Monday afternoon, were under the especial direction of Mr. Charles T. Studd, a famous cricketer, of London, England, who a short time ago returned from Northern China. He is one of a band of young men who entered the missionary field paying all of their own expenses. They sailed for China in 1884, and for ten years remained at their posts of labour there. Many mission stations now flourishing in the "Celestial Empire" crowned their efforts. Mr. Studd is one of the most able and enthusiastic labourers in the Christian Endeavour ranks, and those who listened to his words were deeply affected by his zeal.

The early morning prayer-meetings were well attended and full of power, as was plainly manifested at the close of one of them, when a young man succeeded in getting around him quite a company for the express purpose of carrying on prayer-meetings in the liquor saloons of the city. These evil institutions, by the way, joined with all the city in displaying the Convention colours and extending a hearty welcome. Each morning opened with nine services at 6.30, conducted by prominent workers from all parts of the country.

Two or three times each day of the Convention, in one of the many commodious rooms of the Mechanics' Pavilion, Miss Helen Kelleher gave lectures, illustrated by the magic lantern, on the resources of California.

On the Tuesday evening before the Convention, the Convention Chorus, numbering 2,000 voices, gave an opening concert in the hearing of about 12,000 people. So many had on that occasion to be refused admission that the concert was repeated a week later, when the great Pavilion

was again crowded. Both concerts were decided successes, from a musical standpoint.

It is not often that the stars are visible at noon-day, but that was one of the rare things seen in San Francisco. On Monday, thousands gazed into the heavens, where the rays of Venus were distinctly visible, though the sun was shining in all his brilliancy. One newspaper spoke of it as "one of San Francisco's efforts to show that everybody was welcome."

About 100 cases were treated at the Emergency Hospital. The number of fainting cases rose to more than a dozen upon one day, and they always formed the bulk of the cases treated. There was not, however, one fatality or serious case.

Thirty policemen were in constant attendance at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and placed where their services could be most advantageously used. There were no arrests and not the slightest disturbance of any kind.

The Fire Department had sixteen men and two engines in that same building night and day, and these men kept up a constant patrol. Plenty of hose was at hand. Four men were on duty at Woodward's Pavilion, where ten small fire-extinguishers were kept in readiness.

An average of 8,000 letters per day were handled by the clerks during the Convention in the branch post office established in the Mechanics' Pavilion for the convenience of delegates.

Notwithstanding the annoyance regarding the delivery of the baggage, the officials declared that they never met with such a patient multitude. A railway official said that he never helped to handle such a crowd before, but that the task was comparatively easy and pleasant because they were all so sensible and amiable.

Among the pleasant events associated with the Convention were the receptions given by the Christian Chinese and Japanese to visiting delegates. It was a novel sight to see these curiously-dressed Christians mingling with the

crowds in the Mechanics' Pavilion and at the Convention meetings. A large number of them, too, were Christian Endeavourers.

Columbus entering Madrid with his New World trophies was not prouder than the Californians displaying their fruits, flowers, scenery, resources and progress. Each California county was wide awake in distributing literature regarding its advantages.

The tenth annual convention of the California State Christian Endeavour Union was held in the Mechanics' Pavilion on Convention Saturday evening, when that vast auditorium was crowded to overflowing. Splendid reports were read by the different officers. At a certain point in the meeting Secretary Francis W. Reid said that he held in his hand a letter from a friend informing him that Congress would meet on the Lord's Day to discuss the tariff question. "I want California to go on record as protesting against any such action," he said. "We don't want our Legislators working on Sunday. Let everybody who is opposed to that sort of thing stand up." The vast audience rose to its feet and repeatedly cheered the sentiments expressed by the speaker. Mr. Reid was born at Tamworth, Ontario, Canada; but in early life he made the golden West his goal.

Besides the Carey hammer, there was used in many of the sessions the unique gavel sent by the Endeavourers of India, made of India woods and with India coins set in the faces. There was also the gavel block of Agra marble—the same material with which was constructed the world's most lovely building, the Taj Mahal. Then, there were hung up in *The Golden Rule* headquarters, where everyone saw them often, a most interesting collection of gorgeous banners, each bearing, in strange hieroglyphics, a salutation to the Convention from the Endeavourers of some foreign land. These banners were costly, and had been prepared with much loving care.

This Convention brought the East to the West as never

before; it impressed the thought of a vital and radiant Christianity upon a whole Continent.

Mr. William Shaw, Treasurer of the United Society, said: "California's welcome will be a sweet memory to thousands, and multitudes will pray that to this great commonwealth may be given a citizenship as strong as her eternal hills, as clean-eyed as her perfect skies, as sweet as her flowers, and as uplifting as her giant trees. Let her sons and daughters mirror the love of Christ as her hills and valleys do the goodness of God, and the future of California is secure."

The seed of the deeper Christian life so well sown at previous Conventions, particularly at Washington, bore two valuable kinds of fruit in San Francisco, namely - the adoption of "The Quiet Hour" and "The Tenth Legion." These two suggestions by President Clark have been most heartily endorsed all over the Continent

It is safe to say that the strong missionary flame at the Convention will place hundreds of thousands of dollars at the disposal of the various denominational mission boards, which otherwise would never have been collected. Every Convention is a meeting in the interests of missions.

Between 40,000 and 50,000 strangers were brought to San Francisco by rail and steamer to attend the Convention, and, during the time it lasted, shrewd men of business calculated that the city had been enriched by at least \$1,000,000. In one shoe store alone, it is said, the visiting delegates spent more than \$700. Supposing each delegate spent \$200, this would give a total of about \$10,000,000 spent by Christian Endeavourers and those who accompanied them on this memorable trip.

Notwithstanding the throngs on the streets and at the meetings, the spirit of sweetness and good feeling prevailed everywhere. I did not hear one harsh word, but instead saw many instances of the most touching kindness and unselfishness.



The following instances have been recorded of the strong effect of the International Convention upon San Francisco, California and neighbouring States :—

Chinatown in San Francisco is declared to be cleaner and purer than before the wonderful gathering. Thousands of houses occupied by white prostitutes before the Convention have been emptied by the police. The side-doors of many saloons have been closed. The churches have been quickened, invigorated and encouraged.

An organization has been formed by the pastors of San Francisco, with district subdivisions, for the purpose of distributing Christian Citizenship literature, and to make it possible for all the voters of the city to be reached promptly in an emergency, in case of some impending and preventable wrong.

Recently I observed the following paragraph in the *Christian Endeavour World*:—"The Market Street Railway, San Francisco, has shown its appreciation of the work which the Christian Endeavourers are doing for the car men by offering to furnish free a room for library, reading-room, lectures and religious meetings, if the Endeavourers will fit it up. This they propose to do."

The Oakland City Union decided to push the work along the lines of systematic and proportionate giving, Sabbath Observance, evangelistic services for street railway employees, and hotel invitation.

The society at Niles has succeeded in closing all of the stores and meat markets upon the Sabbath. This was accomplished by securing nearly 100 names, mostly heads of families, upon a pledge not to trade on the Lord's Day. The Endeavourers then presented the pledge with its signatures to the storekeepers, and asked them to close their stores. The opportunity was gladly accepted.

About 150 Christian ministers from California, Washington, Oregon and Idaho formed a union for the purpose of regulating evangelical work in the four Pacific Coast States,

## "OAKLAND DAY."

JULY 13.

About 9 o'clock I took the ferry for the "Athens of the Pacific," to share in the very generous reception given by the people of Oakland and adjacent towns to no less than 10,000 visiting Endeavourers. The suburban population gathered on the eastern shore of the bay of San Francisco is now not less than 100,000, and of this total 75,000 people are in Oakland. Closely connected with that city are the beautiful towns of Alameda and Berkeley. The former has some 17,000 inhabitants, while the latter has 10,000. This population is scattered over a wide area, for Oakland is built upon the generous plan of giving every man an ample front dooryard, and the ideal of its inhabitants seems to be that of the English poet who described as the summit of human felicity the ability to have

"A house full of books and a garden of flowers."

It has seventy-five places of worship, representing every denomination and almost every shade of religious opinion. Oakland is a railway centre, in which focus all the principal lines of travel, whether going north, east or south. Its great mole of stone and earth, running out a mile and a-half into the gently-shelving waters of the bay, is one of the curiosities of railway construction on the Pacific Coast.

From the moment the visiting Endeavourers set foot on the ferry-boats, they were taken in charge by a large party of white-capped Endeavourers from Alameda County, who piloted them about Oakland and its environments, and never left them until they were safely back to San Francisco. As the visitors crossed the bay to Oakland, these guides distributed free tickets for excursions to Berkeley, Alameda, Piedmont and Haywards. All the visitors were admitted free to the Exposition Building, then open, to see the large

and interesting display of products and industries of Alameda County. Whilst there a beautiful book of 100 pages was presented to me, giving an excellent description of Alameda County. After seeing through the Oakland Y.M.C.A. Building, I partook of a free lunch with the big army of visitors under the willows on the Merritt property, along the lake shore. Here tables had been erected beneath the trees in long lines. Fully 1,500 people were accommodated at one time. While some were eating, others were taken out on the lake for a sail. The Refreshment Committee included 100 ladies and a like number of gentlemen. To provide this luncheon, no less than \$2,000 were raised in cash. It was stated that 30,000 sandwiches were provided; also, 20,000 pounds of fruit, one ton of cake, five barrels of lemonade and ten barrels of coffee.

I afterwards went to Haywards, where between 2,000 and 3,000 of the visitors were that day. The electric car took me by way of San Leandro, and I returned by steam car to Oakland Mole. Haywards, the centre of Alameda County, is twenty-one miles from San Francisco. It is one of the few sections of the State where no irrigation is used for the successful raising of fruit and vegetables. It has a population of about 2,000. As many as 190 tons of fruit have been shipped from this place in a single day. The visitors congregated around the grounds of an ancient church, where they were bountifully supplied with fruit and listened for about half-an-hour to interesting addresses.

I got back to San Francisco between 5 and 6 p.m., thoroughly delighted with the day's sight-seeing and magnificent treatment.

Similar handsome receptions were given thousands of delegates on subsequent days at San Jose, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and other places in the State.

California's remarkable welcome and unbounded hospitality were the outstanding feature of this Convention, and

will be remembered longest and talked about most by the visitors.

At night, I accidentally fell in with a Mr. Richard Morris, a frank, obliging Englishman and a Christian Endeavourer, one of the visitors, who had been in San Francisco before and intended to stay in the city again and work at his business. This gentleman kindly undertook to show me some of the principal places of interest. We first went to Nob Hill, where the beautiful homes of the millionaires and the splendid building known as "Mark Hopkins Institute of Art" were seen.

### CHINATOWN.

Two or three minutes' walk from that point brought us right into Chinatown, a city within a city. It is absolutely foreign in all respects. The district wholly given over to the Chinese is five blocks long and two or three wide. Here are congregated between 24,000 and 25,000 subjects of the "Celestial Empire." The female population is about 2,000, and there are but a few hundred children. The picturesque street scenes, the unfamiliar shops and restaurants, the gorgeous joss houses, the crowded lodging-places, the narrow, dark, unlevelled lanes and alleys, the endless procession of meek-faced, shuffling, pig-tailed men and gaudily-dressed women, created a variety of impressions, sometimes pleasant, sometimes painful, but at all times vivid and interesting. Curios of all kinds met the eye—exquisite chinaware, marvellously-wrought carvings, silks of the finest texture, embroideries of the most delicate patterns, and perfumes of the rarest odours. Many of these were purchased at reasonable prices as mementoes of their visit by the Christian Endeavourers. The stores were then all open, as it is their custom to remain open until midnight; the workmen were then home from their labour employing their leisure hours principally in friendly converse in the different stores and in

strolling about the streets, and the life of the town seemed to be in full swing. Several of the restaurants were very handsomely fitted up, after Oriental ideas. One, known as the "Delmonico" of Chinatown, had most expensive furnishings and works of art, mostly imported from China. Here the fashionable banquets are held. The principal joss house is a handsome structure which cost about \$50,000. It is said that 98 per cent. of the inhabitants are addicted to the use of opium. The places where the people gather to smoke the drug are said to be low and squalid beyond description. I felt no desire to visit them. Certain alleys are monopolized by odalisques, one or two of whom we saw peering through the grated windows of their wretched dens. These women are slaves, held by stern contracts, the infringement of which means to them mutilation or death. The habits and customs of these people are those of the inhabitants of the walled-in Empire. Every Christian Endeavourer who saw Chinatown will sympathize more fully with the missionaries who have gone to that dark land, and will work and pray more earnestly that this race may be won for Christ. All the principal denominations have missionaries constantly labouring here, and each of them has his or her own record of the triumphs of the Gospel. If the results are not as great as might be desired, it is not because there is any lack in the earnestness or consecration of the workers, but because of the peculiar difficulties of the work. John Chinaman has a strange mixture of good and evil in his nature. He is good-natured and industrious, and drinks no other convivial cup than the best of tea. He is an adept at driving a sharp bargain.

Leaving Chinatown, my companion took me through two narrow lanes close at hand, all the houses in which were licensed brothels. What was seen in simply passing through the lanes struck me dumb with surprise and roused me to the highest pitch of indignation. I could not understand how such open sinks of iniquity were allowed to exist in a civilized community. San Francisco authorities evidently

sanction them, for a policeman was observed watching the houses.

We afterwards visited the Palace Hotel, which is said to be the most spacious and commodious in the world. Including equipment and furniture, it cost \$7,000,000. Here the officers of the United Society stayed during the Convention.

Delightful weather prevailed all day.

#### JULY 14.

The greater part of the forenoon was spent taking out tickets for side trips and the return journey. The ticket offices were crowded and service was slow.

The remainder of the day was devoted to sight-seeing in the company of Mr. Morris, who took me to the Golden Gate Park and the Cliff House, and we finished by taking another walk through Chinatown.

### GOLDEN GATE PARK.

The main entrance to the Park is 275 feet wide by nearly a mile in length. The Park itself contains 1,013 acres, reaching from Baker Street to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of four and a-half miles. Originally this area was a sea of drifting sand, but persistent labour has brought it all under subjection, and now the desert has become a garden. Deciduous and evergreen trees abound. Its perennial flowers and velvet sward never languish nor die. Many of these beautiful flowers were skilfully arranged into Convention symbols. There are miles and miles of walks and drives through shaded groves. Thousands of wild birds live in the trees and feed on the grass. Hundreds of squirrels, chipmunks and silver foxes run free. There is a noble conservatory, filled with the choicest orchids and rarest flowering plants; an aviary, containing rare feathered creatures; gaudy peacocks and homely pheasants strut on the lawns; and there is a Siberian wolf-pit, a deer paddock,

and a buffalo inclosure. The Park Museum contains two collections, the Colonial and the Indian, which have not their equal in the world, it is said. There is accommodation around the Band Stand for 20,000 people, while the driveway immediately in front can accommodate 1,000 vehicles. Everywhere groups of people were seen on the well-kept lawns, enjoying the sunshine and health-giving pure air. At the Children's Play Grounds, every conceivable adjunct to a delightful holiday is provided.

The attendance at the Park during Convention week was 29,299, being by far the greatest in the history of the institution. The attendance on Saturday, 10th July, was 11,844.

## CLIFF HOUSE AND SUTRO HEIGHTS.

We had to pay 10 cents each to secure admission into the Cliff House to get a near view of the Seal Rocks, but, when inside, the privilege of ordering refreshments to the value of the admission fee was granted. Some time was spent watching the seals as they enjoyed a sun bath; but there were only about a dozen or so altogether. This was the breeding season, and the rest of the seals had gone to the Farralone Islands, which could be seen rising above the western horizon. Higher up, the Seal Rocks were literally covered with sea-gulls and blackbirds.

On the way to Sutro Heights, we passed the famous Sutro Baths, which cost upwards of a million and a-quarter dollars. There is a seating capacity of 15,000 and swimming accommodation for 2,000 bathers. On a level with the main entrance is the Sutro Museum, where are to be seen the curios and relics accumulated by ex-Mayor Sutro during his tour around the world.

His residence and private park are located on Sutro Heights. The park contains twenty acres, and is laid out in walks and drives under the superintendence of skilful



gardeners, who have made of the "Heights" one of the finest private grounds in America. Ex-Mayor Sutro keeps the gates wide open to the public, who, it is needless to say, take full advantage of his generosity. After strolling over the beautiful grounds, we seated ourselves at Inspiration Point to watch the surf break below and the ships as they sailed toward the Golden Gate.

## TRIP TO LOS ANGELES.

JULY 15.

This morning I crossed the bay by ferry-boat to Oakland Mole, where I boarded a train for Los Angeles at 9.30. It was crowded, and I was forced to take a seat in the smoking car. This was a hot, oppressive and very dusty ride. The train took us down into the San Joaquin Valley by way of Lathrop and Merced, and continued on its journey *via* Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Mojave, and Saugus. The scenery was rich and varied; beautiful orchards and well-cultivated grain fields were seen most of the way; in one district hundreds of rabbits were running about near the line of railway. The farther South we went the hotter it became. The train reached Los Angeles next morning,

JULY 16,

at 7.30. I remained at the station till 9 o'clock. when I left by train for Norwalk, a small village fifteen miles distant, to pay a visit to the brother-in-law and sister of a fellow-workman. They gave me a very cordial welcome, and fully five hours passed away all too rapidly in their company. Both are Canadians, and resided in Portage La Prairie before going to California. They were then living on a well-cultivated farm of forty acres, but were making little headway, for several reasons which they explained to me. In Southern California people are taxed for nearly everything they possess—tools, implements, farms and houses. Then the farmer has few open markets to which he can take his produce

direct, and so he has to deal with middlemen, who ship the goods East, for which trouble they must of course receive some remuneration, which reduces the farmer's profit. The Chinese farmers work night and day, and sell their products cheaper than the other farmers, which is also a drawback. I was shown all over the farm, and could not understand why they were unsuccessful unless for the reasons just mentioned. They are now living in Los Angeles, where two of their sons are getting along well in business. On my return to Los Angeles, I secured accommodation at the Revere House, the landlord of which is also a Canadian from Portage La Prairie.

## SOUTH PASADENA OSTRICH FARM.

JULY 17.

I took the street-car this morning to the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm, entering the farm through the salesroom, where several thousand dollars' worth of ostrich capes, collars, collarettes, parasols, tips, boas, fans, etc., were on view, and for sale at producers' prices. This is probably the largest stock of ostrich feather goods in the United States. Between sixty and seventy ostriches, young and old, were seen on the farm; several of them were fed and plucked whilst I was there. They are fed principally on alfalfa. When plucking, one man holds the bird blindfolded in the pen, while another man cuts off the long, beautiful white feathers, so much admired. A bag over the head of the bird renders it completely harmless. At the age of five years these birds begin to yield a revenue in feathers and eggs. The ostriches form their nest in the sand, upon which the pair sit alternately, night and day, for forty-two days, the young ones arriving every other day after that period. At this time the old birds are very belligerent and attack anyone approaching the nest. The kick of the ostrich is often fatal. A boy amused the visitors by riding on two of the birds. There was some danger in this pro-

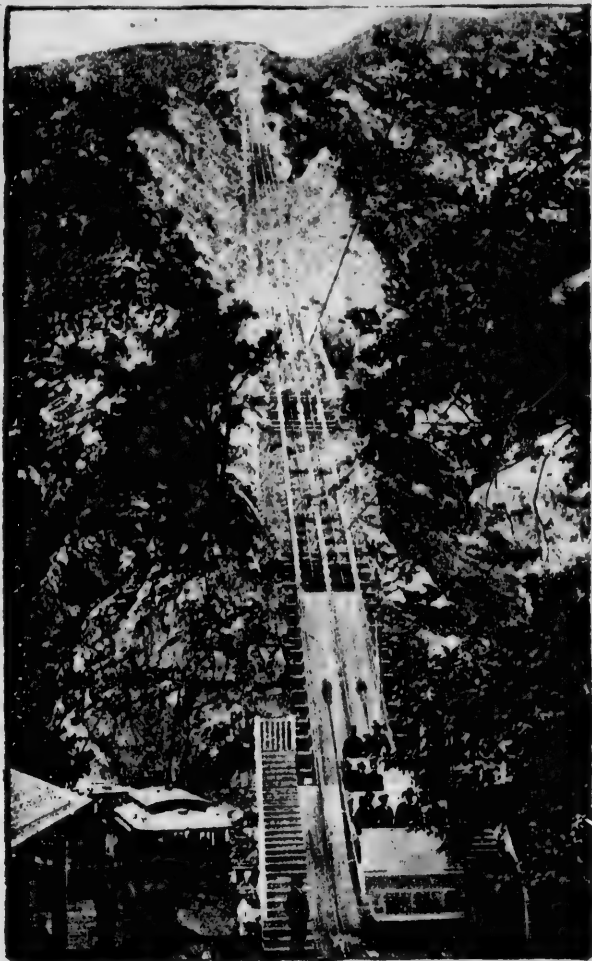
ceeding, as, of course, all untamed animals are dangerous. There were between fifty and sixty visitors at the farm during my stay, mostly Christian Endeavourers, who were admitted at a reduced rate. There is another large ostrich farm at Norwalk, in which there are over 200 native-born ostriches, the descendants of fifty-two birds brought over in a sailing ship from Africa.

## PASADENA.

Rejoining the street-car, I was taken through Pasadena, the "Crown of the Valley," the loveliest city I ever gazed upon, for a ride over the wonderful Mount Lowe Railway, said to be "the grandest mountain railway ride in existence." But, before describing it, let me briefly notice beautiful Pasadena. It is a city ornamented with the palaces of thirteen millionaires and the charming residences of other people of wealth and culture. It naturally follows that it is noted for its high-class society, its institutions of learning, its fine public library, churches and hotels. The average annual circulation of books from the library is 52,000 volumes. No saloon, gambling den or brothel finds place within the carefully-guarded precincts of Pasadena, so that its homes are undisturbed, and the education of its youth unperverted. Within the city are scores of exquisitely beautiful shaded avenues, streets and drives; and the close proximity to the rugged Arroyo Seco, the delectable Sierra Madre, the dimpling San Rafael Hills, and the far-reaching Valley of the San Gabriel, render the effect of city and surroundings æsthetically irresistible. Fruit drying, canning and crystallizing are carried on extensively, and there are also extensive and important manufacturing establishments. I observed hundreds of people busily employed drying apricots within wooden structures. As the train passed through Altadena, lying between Pasadena and the mountains, elegant mansions were seen literally embowered in perpetual flowers, while fruit trees of various kinds completely covered the grounds.

## MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.

At Altadena Junction a change was made to the electric cars of the Mount Lowe Railway, which took us directly up Lake Avenue for about a mile; then, crossing the high mesa upon which the poppies grow in profusion, entered Rubio Canon. This mesa is an historic spot, having been named by the sailors of the pioneer navigator, Cabrillo, Cape Floral. It is now known as Cabrillo Heights. The flaming and gorgeous poppies, reflecting the brilliant sunlight, made a spectacle of dazzling gold, which was clearly seen sixty miles out at sea—hence the name. Rubio Canon is a profound gash in the granite rocks, which compose the mountains. Its entrance is quite broad, but it soon narrows to a tortuous, precipiced defile. The road crosses numerous substantially built bridges, winds around sudden curves, and runs through deep cuts, one of which it was necessary to quarry out of the sheer walls by men suspended in baskets by ropes. Finally, just as all further ingress seems to be rendered impossible, from the proximity of the two walls, a sharper turn than usual reveals Rubio Pavilion and the beginning of the great Cable Incline. The "White Chariot" here awaits us, with its seats arranged in tiers; and the signal to start being given, we move, very gently at first, but with a gradually accelerating speed, until the limit of six miles an hour is reached, up the steepest railway in the world, the grade varying from 48 to 62 per cent. The large steel cable, tested to 100 tons strain, slips noiselessly over the pulleys, placed at frequent intervals along the road-bed. We were thus taken up 1,300 feet in eight minutes. Although it is said to be "the safest railway ever constructed," I confess to a feeling of great danger, and the others in the "chariot" felt likewise. All held firmly by the sides of the seats, and felt greatly relieved when the top of the incline was reached. We found ourselves on the summit of Echo Mountain, 3,500 feet above sea-level, where ample accommodation is provided for about 300 guests in two hotels—Echo Mountain House and the



CABLE INCLINE, MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.

Swiss Chalet. Here also are the Incline Power House and a printing office, where the *Mount Lowe Echo*, a handsomely illustrated publication, is issued daily during the first four

months and weekly throughout the rest of the year. Just below Echo Mountain House is the Great World's Fair Searchlight. It is of 3,000,000 candle-power, and was made by the General Electric Company to demonstrate that America was as capable as Germany in the manufacture of these great "electric eyes of light." On the mountain slope, about a quarter of a mile north of Echo Mountain, is the Lowe Observatory, where Dr. Lewis Swift, the eminent astronomer, with his sixteen-inch equatorial telescope, is engaged in his astronomical researches, and is ably assisted by his son, Edward. Both the Observatory and the Searchlight are ultimately destined to be placed upon the summit of Mount Lowe, 3,000 feet above their present location. Zig-zagging up the canon, we at length reach the terminus of the railway beside a large and inviting hotel.

The public owe this great scenic railway to the individual enterprise, financial ability, engineering faculty and brilliant genius of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, known throughout the civilized world for his organization of the U.S. Army Balloon Corps, his invention of the Ice Machine, and Water Gas for heating and illuminating purposes.

The grandeur of the views, as we moved round among the mountains, overlooking the canons, valleys, ocean and islands, will ever live in memory. A young man from Michigan and I walked up together to the summit of Mount Lowe, a couple of miles farther than the cars took us. It was a very hot and dusty climb, and we perspired quite a deal; but we were amply repaid for our trouble by the magnificent view to be had from this commanding outlook. The whole of the surrounding country for a distance of at least thirty miles long by as many broad lay before us like a map. Never before had such a pretty and extensive scene met my gaze from any mountain-top.

On my return to Los Angeles, I attended the public reception given that evening to the visiting Christian Endeavour delegates and friends in the Chamber of Com-

merce, which was uncomfortably filled with a moving mass of people, who had the privilege of seeing what this rich county produces in the permanent exhibition kept in this important public building. There was a very remarkable display of fruit, which included the mammoth orange tower shown at the Chicago World's Fair, containing 13,872 oranges. The exhibition, as a whole, was greatly admired by all. The Rev. Dr. Wild, now the pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Los Angeles, but formerly of Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, was one of those present. Cake and lemonade were served freely by members of the local Christian Endeavour societies to the visitors. Short, felicitous addresses were delivered from the gallery by the President of the Chamber of Commerce and the Rev. Ira Landrith, Nashville, Tennessee. In response to a cordial invitation, hundreds of the visitors afterwards saw the machinery and composing room in the *Times* newspaper building.

#### JULY 18.

I was present at the forenoon service in the Central Presbyterian Church, held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on South Broadway, which was nearly filled. The pastor, the Rev. John K. Fowler, conducted the opening exercises, and introduced the Rev. E. W. Shurtleff, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, one of the C.E. visitors, who delivered a stirring sermon on the subject—"The Touch of Compassion," basing his remarks upon Matthew 9: 36 and Mark 1: 41, 42. "The love of Jesus," he began by saying, "is like the place where earth and Heaven meet. Christ came to us as 'the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief'; hence, His compassion was something more than the mere shedding of sympathetic tears. Every loving thought of Jesus Christ was incarnated with a loving deed. He 'stretched forth His hands.' Fellow-Endeavourers, consider two truths here:—  
1. *The necessity of our compassion*; 2. *The necessity of doing something*. There are many Christians who do not



realize the multitude; they are sound asleep spiritually. Truly, such people have not begun to understand the Christian life. In this world, we need not only to look into the faces of angels, but into the faces of the most degraded men. Some may say:—"I have no opportunity to reach the masses." The man who touches one life touches many others. Jesus Christ sent His most central truth through one life. 'What shall I do?' There is no question oftener asked than that. There is nothing greater than what God has given us to do. That may appear too simple. The glow-worm is as mighty as the star in performing its own peculiar work. As I looked at the great gatherings of Christians at the Convention in San Francisco, I wondered how these multitudes would give out what they were receiving. Let us reach out and touch the multitude who are engrossed with worldly concerns to the utter neglect of their soul's salvation. We are going through the world once. As we go through it, let us raise some soul higher for God."

It was estimated that 8,000 visiting Endeavourers had come to Los Angeles; so it was not surprising that the afternoon mass meeting of Christian Endeavourers in the Simpson Tabernacle, which I attended, was crowded to excess, and that an overflow meeting had to be held in Immanuel Church.

The C.E. organization started in Los Angeles in 1883 with but a dozen or so young people, and has grown steadily, until now there are twenty-eight societies with a membership of nearly 2,000, exclusive of the Epworth League, of which there are twenty societies.

Simpson Tabernacle was beautifully decorated; the vast audience made the edifice ring with familiar C.E. hymns during the opening exercises; between thirty and forty visiting pastors occupied seats on the platform. The Chairman was Mr. Leonard Merrill, State President of the Christian Endeavour Society. There were three main speakers.

The first to address the audience was the Rev. J. H. Bomberger, of Columbiano, Ohio. He gave three of his strong impressions of the Convention at San Francisco:—1. *The vast expenditure of energy.* In the recent Convention a vast amount of energy was thrown out, and the thought obtruded itself that where there is fire there must be fuel to feed it. Here the speaker referred to that incident in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" where *Christian* sees a fire blaze up without any apparent addition of fuel to sustain it, at which he is astonished, till *Interpreter* takes him behind and he sees one engaged in pouring oil upon the flames. "So," said the speaker, "if the Conventions are to continue as a means of good, it is in the closet, in the home and in faithfulness to private Christian duty that the enthusiasm will be generated." 2. *The continual increase of young men.* When President Clark asked in the great consecration meeting that the saying be refuted that the society was merely for women and children, quite two-fifths of that vast audience stood up. As showing the need of an agency to draw the young men, the speaker stated that there are in the United States 7,000,000 young men. Every Sunday 70,000 of these go to the parks or worse places, and there are 574,000 in the saloon business. In Denver a census was taken one Sunday and 250 men were found in the churches and 2,000 in the saloons. Another census showed that twenty-five had joined the Church, and within the same period of time 1,050 had been charged in the Courts with crime. 3. *The mighty influence of the Convention in promoting interdenominational unity.* He believed in strong undenominational lines, remembering that all are one in Christ.

The second speaker was the Rev. Josiah Strong, of New York. "If there was a pessimist in San Francisco last week," said he, "and I had been asked to prescribe for him, I would have ordered him to attend one of those great meetings, and there look down in the faces of 10,000 Christian Endeavourers. I would have told him that each

one of those faces represented 300 others behind who could not be seen. These represent a magnificent power for God, for Christ and the Church. Here we have an army of young men and women who have consecrated themselves to Christ and the Church. Who can look at a fact like that, and not be of good cheer?" He rejoiced that the Christian Endeavour Society was formed inside and not outside of the Church. The world did not believe in the unselfishness of the churches; but if the churches did not bear constantly before them the fact that the Head of the Church had sacrificed and suffered everything for the people, they would fail in their work.

The last speaker was President Clark, who received the Chautauqua salute. "The Convention is still going on," he remarked, "and the aftermath is just as important, and is calculated to do as much good for the Lord we love. Though this Convention is in some respects the greatest ever held—and particularly with regard to the distances travelled—it will also be notable for the after-meetings in Los Angeles and Pasadena, in the cities in the north up to British Columbia, and in the far-away Saskatchewan region of Canada. As each delegation returns singing and praying, they are carrying on the evangelizing work, and we can thank God that the Convention was held here. Mrs. Clark and myself have had a flowery welcome, for yesterday we found in our rooms a wealth of flowers which in the East are regarded as treasures, even in small quantities." President Clark then exhibited Carey's shoemaker's hammer; a gavel made from a variety of Indian woods, various coins being set in the head and handle; a Bengalee banner, made by the girls of a boarding school about 150 miles from Calcutta, with the Endeavour pledge inscribed in the native language; a tiger's claw, from Central Africa; and a piece of terra cotta from a ruined Indian pagoda, where Wm. Carey, Marshman, Ward, Henry Martin and Judson used to go to hold prayer-meet-

ings, shut off from the bustle of the world. As each article was shown, very interesting comments were made upon it.

At the conclusion of President Clark's address, the audience sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and then joined in repeating the Mizpah benediction.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock I was present at the Christian Endeavour meeting in the First Congregational Church, which was bright and good. The time was almost wholly taken up by hearty testimonies from the visiting Endeavourers, of whom I was one.

I attended the evening service in the same church afterwards, of which the Rev. W. F. Day is pastor. One of the visitors, the Rev. Mr. West, of Winona, Minn., was the preacher, and he took for his subject—"The Fellowship of the Spirit"; his text was Philippians 2 : 1.

Weather delightful all day.

#### JULY 19.

This morning the street-car took me to the Elysian Park, which covers 560 acres of hill and ravine. This is one of the most beautiful parks in the city. Several hundred thousand trees have been planted, and a driveway five miles long has been constructed. I spent an enjoyable hour or so in it. From an elevated spot, an excellent view of Los Angeles was obtained.

#### LONG BEACH.

Returning to the city, I took the train for Long Beach, twenty-two miles distant, where I stayed about an hour, taking the first train back. The chief attraction of Long Beach is a smooth, level stretch of sand, which extends seven miles in front of the town, and is good for riding, walking and driving. The sands slope gradually, about one foot in thirty feet, so that from high to low tide a width of over 200 feet or more is uncovered, entirely free from stones, and so solid that carriage wheels scarcely leave a mark upon

the smooth and solidly-packed sand. Over 100 people were then enjoying themselves bathing and swimming in the ocean. The town is about sixteen years old, and it was organized for the purpose of keeping out the saloon element, and providing a quiet and orderly seaside resort, where the more religiously-inclined might come and enjoy summer recreation. Here is the permanent location of the Chautauqua Assembly of South California, and many thousands attend the annual meetings, lectures, etc., during July and August; these meetings were then being held. There are also camp-meetings of the Methodists, and a number of other religious bodies frequently meet here during the summer.

Returning to Los Angeles about 6 o'clock, I attended the evening mission meeting at the Pacific Gospel Union, led by the members of Central Presbyterian C.E. Society. The pastor had charge of the meeting, and gave an excellent address from Matthew 11: 28—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." A visiting Christian Endeavourer was seated on the platform and assisted the leader; I also made a few remarks on the subject. Over twenty workingmen were present. Deep spiritual earnestness characterized the meeting throughout.

## LOS ANGELES.

JULY 20.

The forenoon was wholly spent seeing about the town. Los Angeles, the City of Angels, has in the past twenty years become a talisman to attract from all quarters tourists, health-seekers and investors in large and ever-increasing numbers. Its rapid increase in population attests the strength of the attractions that the city and surrounding country offer. In 1880 its inhabitants numbered a little over 11,000; in 1890, somewhat over 50,000; while to-day an informal census places the number at 102,000. More than 100 years

ago the town was founded ; but, born in romance and cradled in dreamy ease, it passed the first fifty years of its existence in a quiet indolence that gave little promise of future greatness or of its present commercial importance. Los Angeles extends over thirty-six square miles of territory, and has great attractions, climatic, scenic and hygienic. Few cities are so favoured by Nature and by location. Situated midway between the ocean and the mountains, in plain view of one another, having three ports of entry for shipping, and being the largest railway centre in the State, she is in a position to control a vast commerce, to secure the trade of a great number of tributary towns that are springing up as the surrounding villages are being settled, and become the *entrepot* for the vast Oriental trade that will ultimately seek the shortest, easiest and cheapest route to the great markets of the Mississippi and Atlantic States. All trains leave the Arcade Depot, one of the finest buildings of the kind on the Pacific Coast. The street-car system, worked by cable and electricity, is of more than ordinary metropolitan excellence. There is also a complete system of electric lighting ; it is said to be "the best-lighted city on the Continent." It is well provided with hotels, fine boarding houses, handsome residences, imposing public buildings and well kept parks. The new Court House represents an outlay of about \$1,000,000. The City Hall cost about \$200,000. In it are the Public Library and Free Reading Room. The library has about 40,000 volumes and a circulation of over 300,000 a-year. In schools, both public and private, and in churches, Los Angeles is equalled by few cities of her size. Two interesting portions of the city are known as Sonoratown (or the old Mexican quarter) and Chinatown.

Business, I ascertained, was then quiet. There is considerable difficulty at times in securing situations, because the many health-seekers are willing to work at low wages if assured of anything like permanency. I became acquainted

with a married man from Portage La Prairie, at the Revere House, who was suffering from consumption, but had come to Los Angeles in time, and who told me that he felt the climate was curing him.

## THE MOJAVE DESERT.

Leaving Los Angeles about noon, I returned by the main railway line to Fresno, which was reached about midnight after a most interesting journey through the Mojave Desert. The desert shows a great variety of the most attractive scenery in its ever-changing hues, cliffs, canons, extinct volcanoes, lava beds and sandy plains. The cacti lie thick in this neighbourhood, and attention is constantly arrested by the large number of round buttes which arise from the sand. They are of all sizes, from half an acre to several acres in extent at the base, and from 100 to 500 feet in height. Most of them are peaked at their summits, and are grooved or worn out by the elements into small ravines, which extend from top to bottom, and they present a most peculiar appearance.

## THE FAMOUS LOOP.

Daylight, also, enabled me to see the system of tunnels and the famous Loop that have made the Tehachapi Pass one of the great engineering wonders of the world. It is alleged that three civil engineers of great reputation first undertook to survey a passage through these crags and peaks, and, after repeated attempts, declared the route impossible. A lad of twenty years took up the work where his elders had forsaken it, and this miraculous railway path over and through the mountains is the result. In the tunnels and rocks and ravines one can see how great were the difficulties the engineers had to face. Tunnels 14, 13 and 12 are not far apart, so that one alternates in light and darkness, gliding slowly along on ledges of solid rock, alongside deep ravines. On emerging from Tunnel No. 10



a fine view is had of the famous Loop, where five lines of railway are crossing and recrossing the canon. Tunnel No. 9 is The Loop Tunnel. This loop solved one of the greatest of engineering difficulties. In approaching these mountains from the north the Canon of the Tehachapi widens at this point, and in it there is a conical shaped hill. Beneath this, the train goes through Tunnel No. 9, and, emerging, it curves to the left and circles around this conical hill and crosses the track only 77.46 feet higher. Then, by a fill of 150,000 cubic yards, the road passes from the peak around which it curved over to the wall of the canon, and is now, again, far above the bed of the creek. In curving around the hill, before passing through Tunnel No. 9, and on the north-east side of the hill, there is a heavy cut that required much blasting, and here were used the largest blasts exploded on the whole of the Southern Pacific System. The loop line is 3,794.7 feet in length; the curvature, 300 deg. 52 min.; the limit of curvature, 10 deg., and the radius, 573.7 feet. There are seventeen tunnels connected with the ascent of this range, between Caliente and the summit. The shortest of these is No. 11, 158.8 feet, and the longest, No. 5, 1,156.3 feet. The aggregate length of the seventeen is 7,683.9 feet. These tunnels have all been timbered with Oregon cedar, a tough, durable and weight-sustaining wood.

A delay of five hours and a-half took place at Fresno, waiting on a connection for Berenda. Raisins are grown extensively at Fresno. An item of news in a local paper showed how keen the competition was then in that line of business. A large meeting of raisin-growers, representing over 8,000 acres in vines in the county, passed a resolution agreeing to stand firmly by the proposition that no raisins be sold for less than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  c. a-pound. The meeting also adopted a resolution censuring a San Francisco fruit packing company for its recent postal cards circulated among buyers of raisins, in which the prices were set at a figure claimed to be ruinous to growers.

## JULY 21.

This morning, I took train for Berenda, which was reached about 7 o'clock, where another wearisome stay of about twenty-one hours took place, waiting on a connection for Raymond. There was nothing of importance to be seen at Berenda; so, seated on the verandah of the hotel, I passed the time for the most part reading. The weather was delightfully cool in the evening.

## THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

## JULY 22.

I left Berenda at 4.30 in the morning in a small train in which I had the rare privilege of being the only passenger. Before it left the station, however, two sleeping cars filled with passengers from San Francisco were attached. The train arrived at Raymond shortly before 6 o'clock.

Here the four days' drive through the immense forest began; 100 visitors, it was stated, were then daily passing through it to see the famous Yosemite Valley. After the visitors had partaken of breakfast at Raymond Hotel, three four-in-hand stage-coaches, each of which comfortably seated eleven tourists, left about 6.30 that beautiful morning for the dustiest drive ever taken by any of the party; such was the general confession at the end of the first day's journey. But to those who lived in the forest this unpleasant experience on the part of the travelling public was foreseen, for whisks were lying in readiness to brush the dust off the clothing, and washing materials were to hand, at all the places where stoppages were made to partake of lunches and the more substantial meals. With the exception of myself, all the tourists were Americans; and in each coach, as a rule, there were representatives from seven or eight States. Despite the great amount of dust raised and the disagreeable jolting as we sped up and down the mountain sides, the party kept up their spirits well. When clouds of dust were being raised, a St. Louis

wit quietly asked his companion, whilst rubbing his eyes, if he had seen anything yet ; and farther on, noticing the want of springs when the jolting was at its worst, he ventured to assert that the only spring he could discover in that district was the one attached to our coach ! Rabbits, squirrels and quail were seen in goodly numbers as the coach kept winding round oak-studded and shrub-garnished ridges, and across low knolls and flats, on the way to the Gambetta Gold Mines. We left a well-filled mail-bag at Grub Gulch Post Office. The origin of this quaint yet expressive name may be deemed worthy of remark. It would seem that, when the "diggin's" became unproductive, miners would leave this locality for some other ; but when those sought were proven to be worse, they returned to this place to dig out gold enough to "make grub" ! so that this became a provisional refuge for disappointed miners. From the ridge beyond Grub Gulch, fine views of the distant Sierras were obtained. Threading our way down grade, and over low hills covered with oak and pine trees, we came to King's Gulch, where a rich quartz lode is being profitably worked by electricity. A little farther on, we partook of lunch at Ahwahnee. As we ascended the Chowchilla Mountain, grand views were constantly opening up. We were now taken through an almost unbroken forest of stately pine and fir trees, from 200 to 400 feet high, which formed magnificent vistas, not only up to the crest of the mountain, but all the way down to the picturesquely-situated hotel, Wawona, which was reached about 6.30 p.m. Here we remained overnight, and were handsomely treated. Fishing Camp, near Wawona, lies in a lovely-shaded district, through which flows a pellucid river. It was the prettiest place seen that day. A large number of tents and several fine residences were passed as the coach sped through it. Amongst the other sights on our way were a large sawmill and a few exquisitely beautiful blue birds, flying near by from tree to tree.

## JULY 23.

After breakfast, the party of yesterday left Wawona for Yosemite between 6 and 7 o'clock. The drive this day was much more enjoyable, because the dust raised was not so great. Earnest and well-sustained conversations were carried on in the coach in which I sat, which was entirely filled with ladies from six or seven different States, between the Endeavourers and those not belonging to the society, on several moral questions—such as dancing, theatre-going and kindred subjects—as we kept winding and ascending the mountain past Lookout Point among vistas of deep forest till we arrived at Eleven-Mile Station, a short distance beyond which we attained the highest point on our route, 6,160 feet above sea-level. From Chinquapin Flat, constant scenic changes took place, from forest shadows to open glades, which gave us an opportunity to peer into the deep canon of the Merced River; then, in the hazy distance, to view the leaping tributaries of Cascade Creek, until, about 11 o'clock, we rounded a sharp precipice on the edge of the forest and came suddenly to the glorious panoramic view at Inspiration Point, where the wonders of the Yosemite burst upon us as they had burst upon the astonished gaze of the first white man in 1851. Here we remain for some time spellbound.

“‘Silence!’ Emotions new and strange here rise  
And sweep with cyclonic force the breast!  
A new, strange world, all-powerful and sublime,  
Enchains, enslaves, and fetters all.  
The greatest, most of all, are fettered most;  
Only the pigmies chatter, and fools alone  
Find laughter here where Nature speaks  
In tones of grandeur and sublimity!  
Strong lips are dumb, and eyes unused to tears  
Are forced to yield the highest tribute of the soul  
To these grand thoughts of the Eternal Mind!’”

Deep down in the mountain gorge before us lay the peaceful, famous valley, about seven miles long and from half-a-mile

to a mile broad, with its beautiful avenues, its sparkling river, its heavily-timbered slopes, and its grass-carpeted meadows, hemmed in by encompassing walls of granite, and surmounted by domes and spires, and peaks and crags, from 3,000 to 5,000 feet in height, over which bounded leaping waterfalls from 900 to 2,000 feet. On the left-hand side stood El Capitan, that monarch of vertical mountains, with its two



YOSEMITE VALLEY, FROM ARTIST'S POINT.

immense faces of pearly, cream-coloured whiteness, each of which is three-quarters of a mile across; then came in order named The Ribbon Fall, The Three Brothers (the highest of which is called Eagle Peak), The Canon of the Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Point, Indian Canon, The Royal Arches, The Washington Tower and The North

Dome, the latter rounding upwards immediately over the Royal Arches and Tower. On the right-hand side were The Bridal Veil Fall, The Cathedral Rocks and Spires, The Sentinel Rock and Dome, Glacier Point, and the Wall of the Tooloolaweack Canon. Away in the distance loomed up Grizzly Peak, The Half or South Dome, Cloud's Rest and Mount Watkins. The principal features by which the Yosemite is distinguished from all other known valleys are: "First, the near approach to verticality of its walls; secondly, their great height, not only absolutely, but as compared with the width of the valley itself; and, finally, the very small amount of talus or *debris* at the base of these gigantic cliffs. Either the domes or the waterfalls, or any single one of them even, would be sufficient in any European country to attract travellers from far and wide."

Continuing on our way we descended into the valley, and were driven to the Pioneer or Sentinel Hotel at the little village of Yosemite through giant pine, fir, cedar and oak trees. At every turning of the road, some new picture of majesty or beauty presented itself. The picturesque, the sylvan and the magnificent have their realms here; and their territories blend into each other so often, and so gradually, that our eyes never wearied. Tents were then scattered here and there, all over this ideal valley. The Guardian's Office, where the Great Register is kept, stands near the Sentinel Hotel; and amongst the other erections in the vicinity are a general merchandise and drug store, a butcher shop, a photographer's gallery, and a printing office, from which *The Yosemite Tourist*, a small four-page paper, is issued daily during the tourist season, from April to November. Close to the base of Sentinel Rock, that central and impressive landmark, stands the Yosemite Chapel, which was built, mainly, from the contributions of California Sunday School children. This was the only religious building I remember having seen during the four-days' drive. There was abundant evidence, even to a stranger, that such build-

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ings were greatly needed, for in several places we saw that miners' saloons were plentiful, and that on Sunday the mines were in full operation. The things of Time—alas! no rare sight!—have apparently precedence in the minds of the natives to the vital concerns of Eternity.

As we had the afternoon to spend as we chose, a few took the carriage drive round the valley; but the large majority contented themselves with leisure walks to principal points of interest in the neighbourhood. With my two companions—a school inspector from Illinois and an elderly gentleman from Massachusetts—the time flew swiftly by as we strolled over the fertile meadow examining its ferns and flowers, and by the margin of the Merced River, 100 feet wide, bordered by fragrant shrubs, clear as crystal, and full of trout. I saw one or two good specimens swimming near the bottom, so transparent was the water. We finished by climbing over the heap of fallen rocks to get the nearest view of the Yosemite Falls. The upper fall, at a single bound, leaps down 1,600 feet; then, by a series of rapids, hurries through a narrow, rock-ribbed channel, descending 500 additional feet; finally, to make another vertical plunge of 500 feet. In appearance, this mass of falling water, 30 feet wide, simulates a continuous avalanche of snowy rockets, that seem to be perpetually playing with, chasing, and trying to overtake one another; and, when they have succeeded, delightfully unite their forces in foam and spray to create a scene of beauty and of power.

Two or three hours were pleasantly passed in the evening by me, playing checkers with two gentlemen in the party. There was quite a crowd of interested onlookers. During the time of this checker-playing, lively music was discoursed on the piano by one of the lady visitors.

#### JULY 24.

After breakfast, fully fifty ladies and gentlemen left the snug valley hotel about 6.30 in coaches for Mirror Lake and



Glacier Point. A few who had five-day tickets intended to return to the valley in the evening; the rest were driven back to Wawona Hotel. A sublime panorama opened up before us as we advanced towards Mirror Lake. Near views were had of the Half Dome, which presents so many aspects of rugged grandeur from every point of observation; no two views are the same. Nearly half-an-hour was spent at the marvelously beautiful Mirror Lake, in which three mountains—Mount Watkins, 4,200 feet high; Cloud's Rest, 6,000 feet; and the Half Dome, 5,000 feet—are all perfectly reflected. Even the peculiar forms on the face of the rocks were clearly seen. The rays of the rising sun were also visible under the surface of the water, as well as the sun itself, as it came slowly over the face of the mountain.

"I look *above* me, and behold!  
 More glorious than can be told  
*Rise* massive rocks sublime.  
 Upon the mountain's stony side  
 Grow pines and cedars that have vied  
 With ceaseless course of Time.  
 Above these rocks, so grand and high,  
 Is Heaven's fairest, bluest sky,  
 Just tinged with a rosy flush;  
 At the mountain's base, tall trees are seen.  
 Above, the blue; beneath, the green—  
 The work of Nature's brush.

"I look *below* me, and behold!  
 More wonderful than can be told  
*Sink* massive rocks sublime.  
 And, lower still, another sky  
 With the blue above doth seem to vie.  
 And lo! a fringe of inverted trees,  
 Gently stirring in the breeze,  
 Grows down with fern and brake.  
 When *two* bright suns dispel this scene,  
 One sun in Heaven sails serene  
 And one's in Mirror Lake."

At Tis-sa-ack Bridge, horses, ponies and mules were found waiting to take us by Anderson's trail to Glacier Point, an uphill journey of about four hours over the shoulders of Grizzly Peak and the Cap of Liberty, passing on the way the glittering Diamond Cascade, and the beautiful Vernal and Nevada Falls. Being very fond of mountain-climbing, I was glad of the opportunity to have a good walk, particularly after being confined for a couple of days in a stage-coach, and for the greater part of the way I led the party on foot. The animal designed for my use did not say "*Neigh*"! All the others were mounted. The road was a good one; and although it led at times over steep places, I did not feel anything like as fatigued as when climbing Ben Nevis and Ben Lomond in Scotland, and Snowdon in North Wales. Small lizards occasionally crossed my path with a hissing sound. My American friends admired my endurance and congratulated me on my climbing ability, for I arrived at our destination as soon as they did. This was one of the most delightful walks I ever took. The outlooks grew gradually grander and grander as we ascended till the climax was reached at Glacier Point. From this splendid panoramic standpoint, the entire valley was spread out below us, "where hotels were as huts, trees of 200 feet mere shrubs, men as black spots on the surface of the green, Mirror Lake as a bright speck, and an apple orchard of four acres, the trees set 20 feet apart, appeared as a checker-board"; besides, views were had of the lovely falls which we had passed, with the wild depths of intervening canons; and, more wonderful than all, the main crest of the Sierras was spread out in front, with its chain of mountains stretching away to the north for a distance of over forty miles, the ridges farthest away being completely covered with snow. As we were climbing "The Zig-Zags," I frequently stopped to recover breath and look back upon the pretty picture presented by the slowly-advancing cavalcade. This royal feast on Nature's beauties over, and the

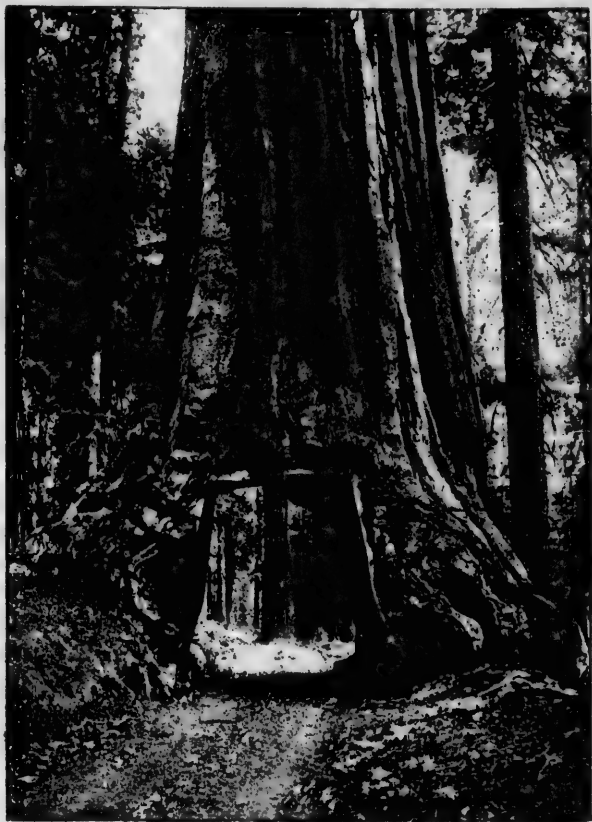
"inner man" attended to by partaking of a hurried lunch, we were again seated in coaches for a drive of about twenty-five miles through a forest of spruce trees for the most part, many of which were moss-covered and very pretty-looking. We were all in the best of spirits; and as we journeyed along, the liveliest conversations were indulged in, the two principal talkers in the coach where I was being a Quaker merchant from Philadelphia and a lady school teacher from Chicago. By the way, it is worthy of mention that school teachers were largely represented at the San Francisco International C.E. Convention; I do not recollect travelling by rail, coach or steamer in a company of tourists that had not a school teacher as one of its number. We got back to Wawona Hotel about 7 p.m.; it was a dusty drive from Glacier Point.

## THE MARIPOSA BIG TREES.

JULY 25.

Fifty-five tourists, after breakfast, left the hotel about 6 o'clock in coaches for a drive to Raymond by way of the grove of Mariposa Big Trees. This was another dusty day's drive, and the jolting of the coach as it went up and down the mountain-sides was very disagreeable. The big trees—giants of the primeval forest—are in a Government reservation two miles square. There are 365 trees, one for each day in the year, 154 of which exceed 15 feet in diameter, and several are more than 300 feet in height. Each bears the name of some State in the Union or the name of some celebrated American. There are openings in all the trunks, caused, no doubt, by the hand of Vandalism; indeed, as many as five wide passages have been burned through one trunk. Otherwise, these trees, *Sequoias*, give no indication of decay or death. They grew bigger and bigger as we approached "The Grizzly Giant," at the base of which we dismounted. Nineteen of the party spread themselves out and joined hands around the trunk. This tree is 92 feet in

circumference, and 285 feet high. Although not as symmetrical as many others in the grove, it is perhaps the most striking of all, having several very large limbs; one up 100 feet, fully 6 feet in diameter, shoots out horizontally for some



BIG TREE, "WAWONA."

distance, and then turns abruptly to the vertical. The original height of this tree is unknown, the top having been destroyed, probably by a violent storm long ago. The

rings of annual growth on these trees indicate an age of about 4,000 years. We climbed a ladder to the top of a prostrate tree, which originally measured 40 feet in diameter, and was 400 feet in height. In the "Haverford" sixteen horses have stood at one time; "Washington" has a girth of 91 feet; the "Mariposa," 86 feet; "The Workshop" has a capacious hollow at its base 12 by 16 feet. These trees grow in deep soil, in sheltered hollows at the head of ravines, and at an altitude above sea-level of over 4,000 feet. Nearly the last seen was "Wawona," 27 feet in diameter, through the centre of which an arch or tunnel has been cut, 10 feet square, by which stage-coaches, loaded with passengers, can readily pass. A photographer was waiting on us here. He smartly took groups of the party standing in front of the tree, and charged 60 cents for each copy, to be forwarded when finished. On our way to Raymond the dust raised was so great that a young man from Philadelphia grew sick, and we had to wait a little till he recovered. A branch railway to the Yosemite Valley, it was generally conceded, was greatly needed. Raymond Hotel was reached a little after 7 o'clock after a very warm day's drive. The party separated at Berenda, quite a number going south to Los Angeles for further sight-seeing; but the majority, like myself, returned to San Francisco.

## JULY 26.

The train for San Francisco was switched off the track, and did not leave Berenda till 6 o'clock this morning. It arrived at Oakland Mole about noon. I immediately crossed in the ferry-boat to San Francisco, and again secured accommodation at the Girard House.

The evening was passed in the Y.M.C.A. Building, where I attended the General Secretary's Bible Class Meeting, from 7 to 8. The subject was:—"The Anointing of the Holy Spirit." There was a good attendance. Three flashlight photographs of the members were taken at the close.

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A public meeting for men followed, which was led by a Mr. Parsons, from Atlanta, Georgia. His text was taken from Proverbs 1 : 26 ; first clause :—"I also will laugh at your calamity." Many testimonies were given by strangers like myself, as well as by local speakers. An interesting testimony was given by a young man from Copenhagen, Denmark. Some members of the '97 Committee and of the Floating Society also gave short and pithy addresses. The time passed by rapidly. Like the Chairman, I could have wished it extended.

On the way to our lodgings, I had a friendly chat with the young man from Copenhagen, who had been travelling extensively. He told me that his pocket-book, containing tickets and all his money, had been stolen from him on Convention Sunday at the afternoon meeting in the Mechanics' Pavilion, and that he had to telegraph home to his friends for an additional supply of money.

#### JULY 27.

An hour or so was spent during the forenoon at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The pictures exhibited were not strikingly grand ; but the building itself ranks among the finest in America, and the views of the city from the tower were splendid.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

The remainder of the day was principally whiled away looking around the city. San Francisco is not behind the other cities that have entertained Christian Endeavour Conventions in the need it presents for such an aggressive Christian testimony as such a Convention affords. For its 300,000 inhabitants it has 3,260 licensed saloons. Compare that with Toronto, which has about 225 licensed liquor establishments of all kinds for its population of 225,000. And yet a saloon on Seventh Street is named "The Oasis"! What a mockery of terms! Free lunches were given in

nearly all the saloons ; large window notices declared this. The front subject in the State of California at present is the Sunday closing of the saloon.

San Francisco has an excellent street-car system, including electric as well as cable motive-power, with convenience of transfers, conveying passengers for nearly twenty-five miles for a single fare — 5 cents. The easy manner in which the cable cars climbed around the many very steep hills was a revelation to all the Eastern visitors. I highly approved of the convenient space provided in the centre of these cars for passengers' baggage.

The principal thoroughfare is called Market Street. Starting at the city's eastern gate, it takes a westerly course for three miles or more, dividing the municipality into two parts that as yet are hardly equal. This main street is bordered by blocks of granite buildings, rich in marble and plate-glass, used as principal stores. One of the loftiest buildings—nearly as high as the highest in Chicago—was then under construction for a daily newspaper firm, *The San Francisco Call*.

The bay is a magnificent harbour, having a shore line of more than 300 miles by an average width of eight miles.

The cool, almost cold, climate, which prevails here about the same both summer and winter, arises from the fact that the city is on a tongue of land running out to sea. The sandy soil, too, radiates the heat, and makes it cool. I greatly preferred the weather here to that prevalent in Southern California, which at times was uncomfortably warm. At night, overcoats were worn by the visitors.

The city is well supplied with military defences, as not only are the islands of the bay bristling with cannon, but there are Fort Mason at Black Point, and the Presidio, where twelve companies of regular troops are kept.

The public schools have an average daily attendance of 33,000 pupils and employ 904 teachers.

There are nine Public Libraries, the most important being



that of the Hon. Adolph Sutro, containing 85,000 volumes, and a large collection of rare works of art.

The United States Mint, the coining department and strong rooms in which are a great credit to the nation, was then closed.

The church edifices are numerous, and many of them are of an imposing architectural character.

The banks have immense resources.

The restaurants in San Francisco were the constant admiration of the visiting delegates to the Convention. The amount and variety of good, wholesome food that was served for 25c., 15c. and 10c. was cause for daily wonder. The Salvation Army had two restaurants on Market Street whilst the Convention lasted capable of accommodating 7,000 daily, in which nearly 100 waiters were kept busily employed.

The "two-bit" piece of California, which confused me at first hearing, is the same as our "quarter" or 25 cents. From this basis, "four bits" and "six bits," etc., can be easily reckoned.

I observed many notices in the outskirts of the city between steps leading up to wealthy residences reading "No Pedlars," which I regarded as both novel and unfeeling.

That night I felt a desire to see the Christian work that was being done in the immediate vicinity of the two lanes where the licensed brothels were. This is the worst part of the city I saw. Auction sales were then being carried on in many of the stores in the immediate vicinity; over the entrance to one store hung this announcement in large letters—"Dante's Inferno"; and the streets were crowded with rough, noisy and drunken people. Still, about a dozen earnest, noble Christian workers of both sexes were found testifying for Christ in the public street to such a crowd, several of whom kept up running comments during the time they spoke. An adjournment was made at 8 o'clock to the Lion Mission,

situated a few yards from the two lanes, where Gospel meetings are held every night. Two of the Scriptural mottoes on the wall were:—"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death," and "All things work together for good to them that love God." One woman and nearly seventy men were present. Three lady workers led the meeting very spiritedly at different times, the last speaker having just come from Los Angeles. She was introduced by one of the old workers, and read and commented upon the twelfth chapter of I. Corinthians. This was mainly a hearty testimony meeting; I testified with many others. When I thought of the locality in which this meeting was held, I felt solemnized at its importance, and all the workers appeared to be similarly impressed, for their manner throughout was intensely earnest and appealing. They went from seat to seat speaking to the people, individually, at the close. May God bless their labour with the desired success!

## ALAMEDA.

JULY 28.

This morning I crossed in the ferry-boat to Alameda, which city is located on a peninsula five miles long and one mile wide, with the San Francisco Bay on one side and the Oakland Estuary on the other. On account of the singular beauty of its location, its magnificent climate and wealth of flowers, Alameda is the favourite residential spot of San Francisco business and professional men, who have adorned it with splendid homes and captivating lawns. There are **more than fifty miles** of macadamized streets and seventy-five miles of patent stone sidewalks. The city has five graded public schools and a High School. It has also a Free Library, the erection of which cost \$25,000. The City Hall cost \$50,000, and it was built on a lot valued at \$40,000. The city owns its electric light service, embracing

both the arc and incandescent systems. Two lines of the steam railways enter and traverse the entire length of the city, connecting with two ferry lines, giving excellent ferry service to San Francisco. Three daily papers are published in Alameda, having good patronage and influence. The principal industries embrace shipbuilding, petroleum and borax refining.

A street-car took me from Alameda to Oakland, where another car was got for Piedmont Hill, at which place I stayed about an hour strolling through the well-laid-out public grounds and climbing to the most elevated spot, that I might obtain a good view of the charming scenery, which included the beautiful cities of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, Lake Merritt, the estuary, the bay, the great city of San Francisco on the opposite shore, the steamers and ships, and the thousand small craft of every conceivable description flying hither and thither on the bay, as well as the world-famed Golden Gate, opening out into the Pacific Ocean.

In Oakland there are about 100 manufactories of various kinds. The State University, with an endowment of \$5,000,000, lies at the extreme north end of the city, distant three miles from its centre, at Berkeley, where, in college season, 1,200 young men and young women are settled and receive an education equal to that obtained in the very best colleges. Oakland has 150 miles of cable and electric car tracks. Some of these extend a distance of eighteen or twenty miles into the country, and the price of the journey is from 5c. to 30c., according to the distance. Three thousand men are employed at coal mines a few miles from the city; many others are engaged working at beds of coal oil and gas, discovered around the neighbouring hills.

I enjoyed that day's sight-seeing very much, and got back to San Francisco about 3 p.m.

Whilst strolling about the city in the evening, I

accidentally met my friend, Mr. Morris, who informed me that upwards of 10,000 people had been at one of the wharves that day seeing 150 passengers set sail for Alaska on the gold-hunt, a few of whom were women. The *Examiner* sent out two reporters, one being a young lady.

## MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

JULY 29.

With a school-teacher from Illinois, also staying at the Girard House, a trip was taken this day to Mount Tamalpais. The journey from San Francisco to the summit of Tamalpais naturally divides itself into two sections—the first from the city to Mill Valley, and the second from Mill Valley to the summit. We first took the ferry-boat at the foot of Market Street and crossed the bay to Sausalito, passing in view of the Golden Gate and near to the fortified island of Alcatraz. At Sausalito we took the train for Mill Valley, five miles away—a pretty run past mountains and bay and picturesque resorts. A handsome forest of the redwoods, for which California is famous, was entered at Mill Valley. The train on the Scenic Road at once entered the romantic and heavily-wooded canon of Blithedale. The view did not begin to open until the canon was past and the road swung out upon the broad, open flank of the mountain. From this point to the summit there were no trees to obstruct the view, except where some beautiful wooded canons, filled with redwoods, madronas, oaks and laurels, were crossed; but they lent a pleasant variety to the trip, and prepared us for the next outburst of the panorama on a broader scale. At intervals we caught a glimpse of the hotel on the summit—the “Tavern of Tamalpais.” Half-way up, at the “Double Bow-Knot,” where the track paralleled itself five times, the ocean came into view, and the panorama expanded every moment. Mountain after mountain appeared above the horizon,

while, below, the Bay of San Francisco, Monte Diablo, San Francisco and the whole coast range of scenery was spread out before us like a map. Suddenly the road swung to the north, and the train stopped at the verandah of the tavern, 210 feet below the bold turreted mass of rock crowning the summit. The air-line distance of the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway is only three miles; but as an ascent of 2,500 feet has to be made, the road takes a tortuous course, and is actually 8.19 miles in length. Its crookedness is its greatest charm, as it produces a constant shifting and changing of the view. There are no less than 273 curves in the line of railway. We saw workmen busily engaged erecting another hotel on a spot opposite to the "Tavern of Tamalpais." A pleasant trail led to the summit, 2,592 feet above sea-level, from which, although slightly foggy, we looked down on all sides on a most expansive and entrancing scene. The west side was filled with the wide ocean, for we could see at least sixty miles out to sea, or thirty-five miles over and beyond the Farallones; and the surrounding cities, towns, bays, valleys and mountains helped to make up a most enchanting picture. But our stay at the top was short—only half-an-hour altogether. As our train descended, we saw several people climbing the mountain by the trail. Both of us enjoyed this trip very much. We returned to San Francisco about 6 p.m.

At night I accompanied Mr. Morris to the Central Methodist Church (the Rev. Dr. Dille's). It was a testimony meeting. There were between thirty and forty persons present. All testified, on being called upon in turn, Mr. Morris and myself included. One of the church office-bearers presided. It was a characteristically hearty Methodist testimony meeting. All the people seemed very friendly.

## THE RETURN JOURNEY.

JULY 30 and 31.



ALL necessary preparations over, I got on board the steamer "City of Puebla," bound for Victoria, which was uncomfortably crowded with passengers; indeed, so much so that I had to content myself with a second-class berth, instead of a first, to which I was entitled. Mr. Morris, who had been so kind to me during my stay in San Francisco, was met at the wharf, and we continued on the most friendly terms till the steamer set sail about 10 o'clock. Three of our Canadian party were on board—two of the Toronto ladies, and Mr. Crowe, the gentleman from Nova Scotia. There were, altogether, between 200 and 300 passengers; and there was also a heavy shipment of Californian fruit. Five of the passengers were on their way to Alaska in search of gold; one of them wore a badge showing that he belonged to the Salvation Army. My plans for the return journey had been specially made in order to have this sail on the Pacific, which had been praised very highly in my hearing; but I had not been a day on the water before I regretted selecting to go this part of the journey by steamer instead of by rail. There was little pleasure. Nearly all on board were seasick, like myself. The weather was extremely cold; a strong wind was blowing most of the time; I got a bad chill on the first day out; overcoats had to be worn. There were many absentees at the dining tables. Land was in sight to the east for by far the greater part of the journey. The beautiful revolving lights of the main lighthouse near Victoria were seen for many miles out at sea before the steamer landed at its destination on Sunday,

AUGUST 1,

at 9.30 p.m. We saw little or nothing of the city of Victoria, for the street-car took us immediately through one or two of

the then lighted streets to another wharf, where about forty of us boarded a small steamer called "R. P. Ricket," which left Victoria about 11 o'clock with the intention of reaching New Westminster by 2 p.m. on the following day. All the berths were occupied; about sixty passengers were on board altogether. We were, therefore, under the necessity of making ourselves as comfortable as possible in the dining-room. The ladies lay on and under the long tables, and the gentlemen reclined on the seats; all the spare pillows, bedding and blankets were handed to the ladies—the captain gave his own pillow to an Ohio lady who bore the same name as himself. This arrangement was novel, but the best that could be done under the circumstances. All submitted to it good-humouredly, and were rewarded with a good nap during the night.

#### AUGUST 2.

When we awoke this morning we found the steamer moored alongside the wharf at Mayne Island, which was reached about 3 o'clock, because the captain was afraid to venture out into the Strait of Georgia till a calmer wind prevailed. Nine hours were lost in this way, and all the party who had journeyed together from San Francisco felt greatly disappointed at the thought of losing the train connection at New Westminster. Whilst waiting here, the party strolled to different parts of the island, on which we saw a moderately-sized hotel, a small house used as a Gospel meeting-place, and a few fishermen's huts. We left at noon, and the progress made was so encouraging that the captain declared he would try to reach New Westminster before the train left, telegraphing from Steveston for it to wait on us. This was done, and to our delight the train waited, although we were two hours behind time.

The most enjoyable part of this journey was that fifteen miles' sail along the Fraser River, which was filled with fishing smacks doing a good business. Hundreds of dead salmon were seen floating on the surface of the water, which



the canneries would not accept. Large salmon canneries were noticed at several places passed, the principal of which were at Steveston, where, during our short stoppage, many Chinese and Indian workmen crowded the wharf. There are about forty large salmon canneries within easy reach of New Westminster, the market town of the Fraser delta. It was said by a Toronto newspaper in August last that the salmon season on the Fraser River for 1897 had the prospect of being the biggest on record, and might amount in round figures to \$4,000,000. According to official reports, upwards of 6,000 people are now employed in the fisheries and canning factories. These are almost altogether Chinese and Indians. The fishermen—who are paid by the fish caught, regardless of weight, about 6 cents—number in their ranks Englishmen, Scotch crofters, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Canadians, Scandinavians, Italians, Japanese and Indians. In spite of the small rate of remuneration, these men earn good wages. Hundreds of fish are caught by a good fisherman in one night. Formerly the Indians did nearly all the canning. Now, however, the Chinese, who are at once cleaner, cheaper and more easily managed, do most of the work. The work of canning lasts about two months. A Chinaman can clean about 1,000 fish in a day. Sometimes the canners turn out 75,000 cans in twenty-four hours. We had about a dozen Chinese workmen on board our steamer, which reached New Westminster about 4 p.m., where we found our train waiting. This town, which was founded by Col. Moody during the Fraser River gold excitement in 1858, has many handsome buildings, among the most prominent of which are the Provincial Penitentiary and Insane Asylum. Besides being the headquarters of the salmon canning industry, it has large sawmills, the product of which is shipped largely to China and Australia. It has a population of 8,000.

Before leaving the station, the party heartily cheered the captain of the little steamer for his smartness in making up lost time, at which he seemed greatly pleased. At West-

minster Junction we had to wait two hours for the train from Vancouver, which was four hours behind time on our account. Mission Junction was reached about 8 o'clock, where another stoppage of half-an-hour took place. Darkness soon afterwards set in.

### AUGUST 3.

When I awoke about 4 a.m. the train was gliding by the side of the pure Thompson River, several miles from Ashcroft, through a winding gorge of almost terrifying gloom and desolation, fitly named the Black Canon. Ashcroft is a busy place, where considerable freighting business is done, and there are extensive cattle ranches in the vicinity. Quicksilver mines of great value are being operated near Savonas. Kamloops Lake is a broad, beautiful, hill-girt sheet of water, along the south shore of which the railway runs some twenty miles.

Kamloops is situated in a delightful spot, where the dry, invigorating climate makes it pre-eminently a desirable resort for those afflicted with lung troubles. The country in this section is good grazing land; cattle and sheep thrive to perfection on the nutritious "bunch-grass," and agriculture and fruit-raising flourish wherever irrigation is practicable. Steamboats were on the river, and sawmills briskly at work, Chinese labour being largely employed. Iron, cinnabar, mica, gold, copper and silver-lead discoveries have been made in this neighbourhood.

Leaving Kamloops, the train continued its way through the fertile valley of the South Thompson River, one of the garden spots of British Columbia; and it did one's heart good to see the neat and snug cottages of old settlers after having passed the rude little cabins and huts of the plains and mountains. Soon we come in sight of the lovely Shuswap Lakes, whose crystal waters are hemmed and broken in every way by abruptly rising mountains, and play hide-and-seek with them for an hour or two. For fifty miles the line winds in and out the bending shores, while geese and ducks

fly over the waters. Sicamous is the station for the rich mining and agricultural districts to the south, where there is a large settlement. A branch line here extends to the fertile valley of the Okanagan Lake, where sportsmen find abundance of fish, black tail deer and other game.

As we approached the Gold Range, a grand snow-clad series of mountains, the train for forty miles or more first took us through the deep and narrow Eagle Pass, between parallel lines of almost vertical cliffs, into the faces of which the line is frequently crowded by deep black lakes, and all the way the bottom of the valley is thickly set with trees of many varieties and immense height.

Revelstoke is a busy mountain town on the Columbia River—the supply-point for the mining districts up and down the river, and here are works for smelting silver ores which are brought from the mines by the railway and by steamboats. From here a branch railway runs to Arrowhead, the head of Upper Arrow Lake. Thence all points of the Kootenay mining country are easily reached, including the new city of Rossland, a mining camp of phenomenal growth, about which cluster a number of rich mines, the wealth of which has been demonstrated by actual production.

An Observation Car was attached at Revelstoke, that the passengers might for over 500 miles gaze on a succession of views unequalled for grandeur on the American Continent. The line now entered the Selkirk range of mountains and soon reached the famous Albert Canon, where the Illecillewaet River was seen nearly 300 feet below the railway compressed into a boiling flume scarcely 20 feet wide. The train stopped at this point for a few minutes, and solidly built balconies enabled us to look with safety into the boiling cauldron below. The gorge is sometimes of considerable width, filled with that remarkable forest of gigantic trees for which British Columbia is famous, and there were exceedingly grand outlooks all along. To reach this deep valley, the engineers wound the railway in a series of great curves or

loops all about the mountain slopes, and, as the train sped on, this marvellous scene was presented to us in every aspect. In a few minutes the train stopped at the Glacier House, a handsome hotel resembling a Swiss chalet, situated almost in the face of the Great Glacier and at the foot of the grandest of all peaks of the Selkirks—Sir Donald—an acute pyramid of naked rock shooting up nearly 8,000 feet. Here I bade my fellow-passenger from Nova Scotia, Mr. Crowe, good-bye, and sojourned for a day. This had been a most delightful day's sight-seeing; the Americans were in ecstasies over it when I left them. The train moved slowly; Glacier House was reached about 4.30 p.m.

#### AUGUST 4.

I arose at 5.30 a.m., and was somewhat surprised to find that it was a Chinese servant who opened the hotel-door in order that I might get out to walk along the good path leading to the Great Glacier and the base of Sir Donald, about two miles distant, before breakfast. But the Chinese are seen everywhere in British Columbia—serving in hotels, at the mines, repairing the railway, etc. On my way back I met a party of three setting out, with a guide, to ascend the Great Glacier.

After partaking of breakfast between 8 and 9 o'clock, I ascended the steep pathway in the rear of the hotel to the glacier-fed Marion Lake, on the shoulder of Mount Abbott—a good fifty minutes' climb. I had no sooner reached the lake than a peculiar whistling sound was heard, which I could not understand. As I proceeded to a spot whence the best view could be had this whistling was repeated, and, on surveying the scene with the help of my field-glass, I discovered that the sound came from four animals, each of which was about the size of a seal, perched on rocks about 100 yards or so from where I stood. They were intently gazing at me, and whistled whilst I looked, but all remained motionless except one, which crept under the rock upon which it had been sitting. I subsequently saw a specimen

of this animal in the museum at Banff. It is called the hoary marmot or "siffleur," a species of ground hog, which lives in the crevices of rocks and subsists on vermin. Magnificent views of the Hermit range of mountains and Rogers' and Illecillewaet Passes were obtained from this elevated standpoint.

Everything around Glacier House—a lovely, restful spot—is on a grand scale, even to the common flies, which are nearly double the size of those seen in our cities.

I left by the 1.30 p.m. train for Banff, which was reached about 10.30, after a most delightful ride. At no part of my long journey was the scenery along this charming route surpassed for sublimity, variety and grandeur. It gave a deeper meaning to the opening words of the Pilgrim Psalm, so often repeated on our way:—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." At first the line followed the slope of the summit peaks, of which Sir Donald is the chief. Soon the summit of the Selkirks was reached, a broad level area, 4,300 feet above tide-water, surrounded by mountain monarchs, all glacier-clad. This wonderful group of peaks of fantastic shapes and many colours remained in sight for many miles, and, as we proceeded onward, dense forests of enormous trees were passed through. The gorge of Bear Creek, where a new bridge is being constructed to take the place of the present one, is compressed into a vast ravine between Mount Macdonald and the Hermit. The cowed figure of a man, with his dog, on the edge of one of the crags, shapes itself out of the rocks, and gives the name of Hermit to the mountain. The way is between enormous precipices. Mount Macdonald towers a mile and a-quarter above the railway in almost vertical height. This is the climax of mountain scenery. Passing through tunnels and deep rock-cuttings, the train wended its way through a great canon to Donald, a charmingly-situated town in the shadow of the Selkirks, the headquarters for the mountain section of the railway for repairing, and an important supply-point for

miners. Then, for about twenty miles, it followed one of the Columbia River benches through gigantic trees to Golden, a new town of some importance at the mouth of the Wapta or Kicking Horse Pass, with smelting works, river steamers and choice lots.

Soon after leaving Golden the train plunged into the lower canon of the Wapta, where the railway and the river go together, the former crossing from side to side to ledges cut out of the solid rock, and twisting and turning in every direction, and every minute or two plunging through projecting angles of rock which seem to close the way. As we proceeded onward, we had glorious mountain views. As far as the eye could reach, we had the Rockies on the one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but each indescribably grand. Both rose from the river in a succession of tree-clad benches, and, soon leaving the trees behind, shot upward to the regions of perpetual snow and ice. By-and-by a magnificent range of peaks extending in orderly array came into view. These mountains are called the Otter-tail and Beaverfoot Mountains; the sides of the latter were covered with pretty red and green patches.

A short stoppage was made at Field, surrounded by the loftiest peaks of the Rockies and near the base of Mount Stephen, more than 8,000 feet high, holding on one of its shoulders, almost overhead, a shining green glacier, 800 feet thick, which was seen slowly pressing forward and over a vertical cliff of great height. As we continued on our journey, passing through a short tunnel and nearing the slope of this main peak, the zig-zag lines of a tramway coming down from a silver mine 2,500 feet from its base were visible; and a curious natural formation, the "Man on Horseback," was also seen. The spires of Cathedral Mountain now occasionally appeared over the tree-tops. The scenery here is sublime. The line clung to the mountain-side at the right, and the valley on the left rapidly deepened until the river was seen as a gleaming thread 1,000 feet below. Looking to

the left one of the grandest mountain-valleys in the world stretched away to the north, with great, white, glacier-bound peaks on either side. In the midst of such an inspiring scene, I could not help repeating to myself the words of "Tell's Address to His Native Mountains."

Another stoppage was made when the train arrived at Stephen, a little station at the summit of the Rockies, just a mile above the sea. But this is only the summit in an engineering sense, for the mountains still continued to lift their heads 5,000 to 7,000 feet above, and stretch away on either side like a great backbone, as indeed they are—the "backbone of the continent." Here is the "Great Divide," where two little streams begin from a common source, the waters of one flowing to the Pacific, and of the other to Hudson's Bay.

A few passengers left the train at Laggan, the station for the "Lakes in the Clouds," thirty-four miles west of Banff. These picturesque and interesting lakes are perched on the mountains' sides amidst the most romantic environments. The mountain scenery continued grand and imposing till our destination was reached. The weather was delightful. I secured accommodation in the Sanitarium.

#### AUGUST 5.

In the forenoon, I climbed to the crest of Tunnel Mountain, where a splendid view was had. The afternoon was spent walking to the Bow Falls, the C.P.R. Hotel, and up to the Sulphur Bath Hotel on the mountain, where I enjoyed a sulphur bath in three ways—tub, plunge and shower—for the first time. I afterwards paid a visit to the Museum; the collection, however, is small. In the evening, I attended the combined Methodist and Presbyterian Christian Endeavour meeting in the Methodist Church. There were, altogether, about twenty persons present. A Presbyterian student from the Winnipeg College, on his summer vacation, led the meeting. A visitor from Arkansas, also on his way home from the International C.E. Conven-





C.P.R. HOTEL AND BOW VALLEY, AT BANFF.

tion, and I, both spoke briefly on the topic—"Practical Christianity." The weather was all that could be desired.

Banff is charmingly situated in the Canadian National

Park, a large reservation twenty-six miles long by ten wide, chosen by the Dominion Government for its beauty, sublimity and healthfulness as the great breathing-place of the nation. It is noted as a medicinal watering-place and pleasure resort. It is in the midst of impressive mountain scenery; half-a-dozen magnificent snow-tipped ranges centre here, each differing from the other in form and colour, and the converging valleys separating them afford matchless views in all directions. Streams have been bridged, roads laid out, and bridle paths cut, penetrating for miles, so that the visitors may drive, ride, wheel or wander afoot anywhere, inhaling the health-giving mountain air, or seeking the most favourable spots for brush, pencil, kodak, rod or gun. The Bow River comes down here from its glacier sources in the west, and, stretching away through the deep, forested valley, disappears among the distant eastern mountains. There is excellent trout fishing in this river and good trolling in Devil's Lake, nine miles distant. Wild sheep (the big horn) and mountain goats are occasionally to be seen on the neighbouring heights. The more important sulphur springs have been improved by the Government, and bathing-houses have been erected and placed under the care of attendants. In one locality is a pool inside a dome-roofed cave, entered by an artificial tunnel; and near by, another spring forms an open basin of warm, sulphurous water. These sulphur springs have been largely visited, and testimony to their wonderful curative properties is plentiful. The village of Banff is one and a-half miles from the station. My brief stay there was greatly enjoyed.

The East-bound train was five hours late that night; so it did not leave Banff till nearly 1 o'clock on the morning of

#### AUGUST 6.

When I awoke shortly after 6 o'clock the train had gained the neighbourhood of Crowfoot Station, lying in the midst of the country of the once dreaded Blackfeet, the

most handsome and warlike of all the Indian tribes, but now peacefully settled on a reservation near by. Many of the squaws were at this and other stations that day selling polished horns and beaded articles for household ornamentation; the male members seen were dressed in blankets of brilliant colours. Crowfoot Station is on the border land between the districts of Alberta and Assiniboia.

For over 100 miles the train took us over a high prairie-plateau, now a rich pasture dotted with lakelets. This is the old buffalo range, and their trails mark the prairie in long lines. The buffaloes have disappeared, but domestic cattle have taken their place; cattle ranches were spread over the country, farms appeared at intervals, wild fowl thronged the many lakes, gophers were plentiful, and a wild cat was startled from its hiding-place and fled at the approach of our train. Here Nature seems to have atoned in part for the scarcity of timber by providing beneath the surface a reservoir of natural gas, which has been tapped at some of the small stations and made to afford power for pumping water, and light and heat for the station houses. A heavy thunderstorm, which lasted for about half-an-hour, came on whilst we were crossing this prairie.

A stay of about thirty minutes was made at Medicine Hat, a finely-situated and rapidly-growing town, with a population of 1,200. Hereabouts are extensive coal mines, and the broad and beautiful Saskatchewan River is navigable for steamboats for some distance above and for 800 miles below to Lake Winnipeg. An important station of the Mounted Police is established here.

Continuing our journey, the line ran through the valley of the South Saskatchewan to Dunmore, where there is a typical mixed farm for the raising of crops and breeding of cattle, belonging to the Canadian Land and Ranch Company. Extensive yards for the shipment of cattle were seen at Maple Creek, which town is supported by trade with the cattle ranches, and farming is successfully carried on in the

vicinity. A police station and a Cree Indian village are situated near this place.

For many miles the railway now led along the base of the Cypress Hills through a very valuable stock-raising country. Many lakes and ponds—some fresh, some alkaline—were occasionally passed. Wild fowl were abundant. This is a very paradise for sportsmen. The country is treeless for nearly 200 miles, but the soil is excellent nearly everywhere; hence, there are many large experimental and sheep farms. At Chaplin, we came to one of the Old Wives' lakes, extensive bodies of water having no outlet, and consequently alkaline. By the time the train arrived at Moose Jaw, where the C. P. R. intend erecting a new station at an estimated cost of \$30,000, darkness set in.

#### AUGUST 7.

Between 5 and 6 a.m. the train was passing over a "rolling" or undulating prairie about forty miles west of Brandon, well occupied by prosperous farmers, as the thriving villages at frequent intervals clearly proved.

Brandon is a beautifully-situated town on high ground, with well-made streets and many substantial buildings. It is the distributing market for an extensive and well-settled country. It has a population of 5,400. Quite a number of passengers joined the train here.

As the train sped along the seventy-seven miles lying between Brandon and Portage La Prairie, we first passed through a beautifully undulating country, fertile and well-settled, as the busy little towns, five or eight miles apart, and the ever-present grain elevators, bore evidence; then we crossed a low range of sand-hills to a bushy district, with frequent ponds and small streams, containing many stock farms, for which it is peculiarly adapted.

Portage La Prairie is another city of rapid growth, and lies in the centre of a well-developed and prosperous farming region. Its big elevators and flour mills, its busy

streets and substantial houses, tell their own story. This city has a population of 4,500.

During the remaining fifty-six miles to Winnipeg, the railway ran over a broad plain as level and green as a billiard table, bordered at the south by a line of trees marking the course of the Assiniboine River. From Poplar Point to Rosser the settlement was slight, due to the fact that the land is mostly held by speculators, and the scattered farms were chiefly devoted to dairy products and cattle breeding.

The train arrived at Winnipeg about noon, and I had a stay here of about an hour and a-half, waiting on a connection for Fort William. I had, therefore, little time to look about the city; but I was very favourably impressed with it from the hurried glance I did get. In 1871 the population numbered only 100; now it is about 50,000. Situated just where the forests end and the vast prairies begin, with thousands of miles of river navigation to the north, south and west, and with railways radiating in every direction like the spokes of a wheel, Winnipeg has become the commercial focus of the Northwest. From here the wants of the people in the West are supplied, and this way come the products of their fields, while from the far North are brought furs in great variety and number. The city is handsomely built, superior brick and stone being available; and has electric street railways, electric lights, a fine hospital, large flouring mills and grain elevators, beautiful churches, schools and colleges, and many other imposing public buildings. The chief workshops of the C.P.R. between Montreal and the Pacific are here, and the train-yard contains more than twenty miles of sidings. The principal land offices of the C.P.R. are at the fine passenger station, and in the city is the chief land office of the Dominion Government in the West.

Leaving Winnipeg, the Red River was crossed by a long iron bridge, and we entered the wide, level valley, which has all the characteristics of the prairie for fully sixty miles.

From near Whitemouth, the railway began to cross a region of rocky forests, lakes and rivers, valuable for its mines and timber. Great sawmills began to appear, with piles of lumber awaiting shipment at the stations. Many men find employment in these forests, and villages are springing up at intervals. Hardy settlers are clearing the land and making farms. Soon we came in sight of the largest body of water touched by the railway between the Pacific and Lake Superior—The Lake of the Woods, which is studded with islands, and is a favourite resort for sportsmen and pleasure-seekers. At its outlet, we suddenly came upon half-a-dozen large sawmills, and, standing far above all these, an immense flouring mill, of granite, with a cluster of grain elevators and warehouses about it; and here at Keewatin are the gigantic newly-completed works of the Keewatin Power Company, creating one of the greatest water-powers in the world, and offering unlimited capabilities for manufacturing industries, and providing the power for use in extracting the gold from the ores in this rich mining district. Rat Portage was reached about 7 p.m. This town has a population of about 4,500, and is the central point for this miners' and tourists' paradise. It is already a seat of much business enterprise, having large lumber mills and extensive fisheries. A few steamers were seen on the lake. The station here was crowded with people; all was life and bustle. After leaving Rat Portage, the shades of night prevented anything more being seen.

#### AUGUST 8, 9 and 10.

The train reached Fort William about 8 o'clock on the morning of August 8th. Here the C. P. R. steamship "Manitoba" was taken for a sail over the lake to Owen Sound. At Fort William and Port Arthur, five miles distant, evidences were had of the magnitude of the traffic of the Northwest by the long piers and wharves crowded with shipping, great piles of lumber and merchandise, and

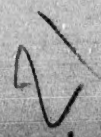
immense railway grain elevators. Three of these elevators at Fort William hold from twelve to fifteen hundred thousand bushels each.

Speeding twenty-three miles across the Kaministiquia River and Thunder Bay we passed Thunder Cape, "The Giant Asleep," so called from its striking resemblance to a resting human figure. By-and-by the icy cold waters of Lake Superior were entered, and land was lost sight of for a time. It would be difficult to conceive of a finer sail than the one I had over these two broad and beautiful lakes. The weather was excellent; the lakes were unruffled, and the steamer moved smoothly; the scenery, especially during the latter part, was superb; the accommodation and meals were equal to those provided in first-class hotels; and the attention paid to the passengers by the young men waiters was faultless. Whilst waiting at Sault Ste. Marie, an attractive tourist resort, containing numerous summer hotels and important buildings, many of the passengers were taken over the rapids in the bark canoes of the ever-present Indians. After a most delightful sail through the narrow Detour passage, along the south coast of the Manitoulin Island, and over Lake Huron, we landed at our destination about 8 o'clock on the morning of August 10th. Owen Sound has a population of 8,000. It has grown rapidly since the building of the railway, and is the shipping port for a vast area of farming country. The train left that town at 9.15, and landed in Toronto at 1 p.m. in the midst of heavy rain and a terrific thunderstorm.

Thus ended a most enjoyable trip of forty-three days' duration over a distance of about 10,000 miles.

### CONCLUDING NOTES.

When the East-bound Santa Fe trains stopped at Glendora, California, a lovely town in the orange belt, a crowd of Christian Endeavourers boarded them, bearing scores of baskets of luscious fruits—oranges and apricots, peaches and





plums, and juicy lemons. To every homeward-bound Endeavourer, a basket was given, together with a bouquet of flowers. In each basket, too, was found a printed greeting from the Endeavourers of the Christian Church of Glendora, telling something about the beauties and advantages of that place, and signed by the president, E. Fortney. Many of the baskets also contained Scripture verses signed by the donor.

A sad accident occurred on the morning of August 4th, midway in New Mexico, as one of the last trains loaded with Endeavourers was returning from the San Francisco Convention. Whilst running at great speed, the main rod of the engine broke, and commenced alternately battering the ties below and smashing in the bottom of the cab above. Before the train had proceeded many rods the bolts were burst out of the boiler, and the engine-casing stripped away. There were 138 passengers in the six cars. The fireman was thrown from the cab and instantly killed, and the engineer was scalded and otherwise seriously injured. All the others were unharmed. For the heroic way in which the engineer, Mr. Underdown, had stood by his post of duty whilst the scalding steam was issuing in jets around him, the passengers presented him with a beautifully-engraved badge of honour.

The Ohio delegates, on their return trip, scattered large quantities of a four-page leaflet containing three effective messages or *heart-words* for the Master. At Ash Fork, Arizona, this party sang under the window of a room where a sick man lay, at his own special request, and in the hearing of a sympathetic crowd, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and other hymns, finishing with "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

As a party of Connecticut delegates were leaving Yellowstone Park on their return home, one of the drivers asked a lady to send him a package of papers occasionally, as the winters there are very tedious. This led, after some inquiry, to the forming of a plan for supplying good literature to several neighbouring towns.



